The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

THE year 1861 dawned upon a race numbering more than four and a half millions, held in this Christian land under cruel and wicked disabilities. More than four millions were held in perpetual servitude, and their posterity forever doomed to bondage by inexorable laws, customs, and public opinion. Half a million, scattered over the land, though nominally free, were, with the exception of a few thousands in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, denied the right to vote or the right to be voted for. The year 1868 closes upon that race everywhere free, and in possession of the right to vote and be voted for in nineteen states, the territories, and the District of Columbia. In eighteen states this race is still under the disabilities imposed upon it by state constitutions and laws, though citizens of the United States, in full possession, by national law, of civil rights. This denial to these citizens of the United States of the right to participate in the government is a palpable violation of the genius and spirit of republican institutions. The rights and privileges of the citizens of the United States, at home and abroad, should be assured by the nation and secured by fundamental law.

The mighty changes wrought during these past eight years in the condition of the colored race have been wrought by a series of executive, legislative, and judicial acts. The friends of the proscribed African race, in the United States, have been forced at every step to grapple with vast interests and unreasoning passions and prejudices. The exigences and needs of the nation have enforced the beneficent policy of justice, often against the feelings and sentiments of vast masses of the people. The victories won for the black man have not always been achieved by men actuated altogether by the highest motives and loftiest purposes. Years ago, when slavery was almost omnipotent in America—when it controlled institutions of learning, benevolence, and religion, states, statesmen, the people, and the nation—there arose a body of men, not fully concurring in modes of action, but united in hatred of oppression and love of justice, who have persistently striven for the freedom of the slave and for his elevation to the equal rights and privileges of American citizenship. Seeking that end from the beginning, these men have striven in peace and in war to accomplish that ultimate result. Accepting the aid of all, even those who scorned the black man and contemned his friends, the friends of freedom have been content from year to year to win partial victories, when they could not achieve complete ones. They fully realized that every victory won over slavery or any of its incidents tended to hasten the day of complete and final triumph. The men who comprehended the spirit of our republican institutions, who were inspired by liberty and justice, will not retire from the contest until our institutions, in theory and in practice, assure perfect equality of rights and privileges to citizens of the United States irrespective of color or race.

The men who are actuated by these lofty aims and purposes never looked to the prohibition of slavery in the territories as an end; they never looked to the Proclamation of Emancipation as an end; they never looked to the Constitutional Amendment as an end; nor did they look to the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment of the Constitution as an end. These great measures were means to an end; that end being the equality of rights and privileges of citizens of the United States.

When the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment of the Constitution was pending in the Thirty-ninth Congress, a large majority in both houses were in favor of manhood suffrage. Had it depended on Congress, that right would have been secured throughout the United States. But that majority then realized the fact, since so clearly manifested, that the country was not educated up to that high standard that would accord to the black man the right of suffrage. The proposed Fourteenth Article, if it had been accepted, would have powerfully tended to secure to the black man the right to vote and the right to be voted for. At any rate, its submission to the people would gain time, would bridge over a yawning need, would give an opportunity to the friends of equal rights to instruct the ignorant, remove the prejudices and calm the passions of their countrymen, who had been so sadly misled. The rejection of that amendment by the President's reconstructed state governments forced upon Congress the enfranchisement of nearly three-quarters of a million of colored men in the ten Rebel States. By that act three-fourths of all the colored men in the United States were given the right to vote and to be voted for. Now, interest, principle, and consistency alike demand that this work of enfranchisement shall be speedily completed.

The first section of the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment, now a part of the Constitution, declares that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." This article empowers Congress to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of the article. Does not the denial by any state to the citizens of the United States of the right to vote "abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States"? This section of the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment was drawn by John A. Bingham, of Ohio—the same gentleman who proposed the Amendment to the Reconstruction Act, giving colored men in the Rebel States the right of suffrage, and to whom as much as, if not more than, to any other member of Congress are the colored men of those states indebted for that priceless privilege. Mr. Bingham believed, when he proposed this constitutional amendment, declaring that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States," that Congress would be empowered to so legislate as to insure the right of suffrage to American citizens. Concurring with Mr. Bingham in this opinion, I introduced into the present Congress, on the 23d of March, 1867, a bill "to regulate the elective franchise in the United States." This bill, after reciting the first section of the Fourteenth Article of the Amendment, provided, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, "that there shall be no denial of the elective franchise to any male citizen of the United States by any state, on account of color, or race, or previous condition, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." On the 26th of March, Mr. Sumner, who believed that, under the amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery, Congress was empowered to enfranchise the black man, introduced a bill "to enforce the several provisions of the Constitution abolishing slavery, declaring the immunities of citizens, and guaranteeing a republican form of government by securing the elective franchise to colored citizens." No action was taken on either of these bills.

On the 7th of March, 1867, Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Henderson had the honor of introducing the amendment, that was adopted, abolishing slavery in the United States. Not concurring with Mr. Sherman in the opinion that that amendment emancipating the black man empowered Congress to enfranchise him, Mr. Henderson moved to amend the Constitution so as to declare that

"No state shall deny or abridge the right of its citizens to vote and hold office on account of race, color, or previous condition.

"The Congress, by appropriate legislation, may enforce the provisions of this article."

On the 17th of July, 1867, I introduced a joint resolution, a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States, declaring that

"No distinction shall be made by the United States, nor by any state, among citizens in their civil or political rights on account of race, color, or previous condition."

Mr. J. M. Ashley, of Ohio, on the 2d of Dec., 1867, proposed to amend the Constitution so as to declare that

"Every citizen of the United States, twenty-one years of age and upward, (except Indians not taxed and persons noncompos), shall be an elector in any state or territory in which they may have resided one year next preceding the election at which they shall offer to vote. Each state shall prescribe uniform rules for the annual registration of electors, and provide by law against fraud at elections, and may disfranchise any person for participation in rebellion against the United States, or for the commission of an act which is felony at common law."

The reactionary triumphs of 1867 and the preparation for the great struggle of 1868 tended to check any action of Congress on the suffrage question, either by legislation or constitutional amendment.

The hour for action has now struck. The nation has passed through a gigantic conflict, and the reconstruction policy is triumphantly sustained. In the states lately in rebellion nearly three-quarters of a million of colored men—more than three-fourths of all the colored men of the country—have the right to vote and to be voted for guaranteed to them by the results of this election. The cause of equal suffrage has triumphed in Iowa and Minnesota. It has a majority of two-thirds in both Houses, twenty-seven state legislatures are Republican, and a new administration is coming into power with the glorious motto *Let us have peace* emblazoned on its banners. Equal rights and privileges assured and secured to all will more than anything else bring that peace which "will come to stay." Twenty-seven states are three-fourths of the states now represented in Congress. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas are yet to be restored to their practical relations, and their votes on this amendment can unquestionably be secured. Now is the moment for action. Not a day should be lost. The friends of manhood suffrage have now an opportunity, which may not come again for years, to incorporate into the Constitution, without distinction of color, race, or previous condition, the right of all male citizens to vote and be voted for. No risks should be taken. No other question, no matter how just may be its claims, should be associated with it to complicate or endanger its immediate success. Let the veteran anti-slavery men, the champions of impartial liberty imperatively demand that Congress shall, by legislation or constitutional amendment, secure this the crowning act of all their triumphs.—MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

PROTESTANTISM A FAILURE:

THEN WHAT WILL SUCCEED?

BY THE REV. J. HALL, D.D.

THE "coming religion" is variously designated as Anglican, neo-Catholic, and Catholic. Its enemies call it Ritualism. The more outspoken of them describe it as "Popery without the Pope." We are not in favor of calling names. We are against cursing and swearing; but, in common with many others, we naturally feel an interest in the system that is to effect what Protestanism has attempted in vain. Not that we admit the burlesque of history and the caricature of the churches that have been made to do duty as premises before this startling conclusion; but, supposing, for the sake of argument, that we were all convinced of the mistake of the Reformation and the impotency of the weapons we had thought "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds," what is the new mode of operations?

It is a little difficult to understand. Noting the progress of thought on this subject for some years, I have observed that outsiders have often been at fault from defective information. Loose representations founded on observation are printed with so much of inevitable inaccuracy as to warrant a partial contradiction, and the triumphant demand, "What can be thought of the truth or capacity of a writer who can allow himself, etc.?" This is as if a man charged with stealing the black coat of the Rev. Recardus Rubric should prove that the black coat was not black at all, but Oxford gray, therefore the whole story is false. To avoid such risks, the present writer became a regular reader of the organ of the advanced "Catholic" party, and honestly tried to do them justice; so that he has some idea of what that nostrum is to the trial of which the public is invited *à la mode*, by the declared failure of previous methods of cure.

An inquirer has here to learn a new language. Chasuble, alb, amice, and biretta are articles new and unfamiliar. He finds "the priest" "celebrating" at "the altar." He reads of "chalice" and "paten." If he guesses what "matins" and "vespers" are, he is quite at a loss as to "even-song" and "benediction." The "gradines of the altar" sorely puzzle him. A little Latin will enable him to see that a "thurifer" has something to do with incense. "Acolytes," "epistoler," and "gospeler" will all be new titles to him, and he will need to keep his temper as he reads of "Protestant individualism and canting sectarianism"—phrases upon the importation of which from England we presume there is no duty. He will also have to master a set of symbols, familiar enough to the initiated. The "A. P. U. C. Society," for example, he will find can be entered by paying a shilling a year and daily repeating a short prayer with a "pater"—*i. e.*, the Lord's Prayer—for the union of Christendom: *to wit.*, the union of the Greek, Roman (we must not say "Romish" in Anglican circles) and Anglican churches. The "holy mysteries" are offered in many churches in England once a year, "with the intention of this society."

He will find a new set of sins denounced in the Anglican literature, such as giving the "Sacred Body into the fingers and thumbs of communicants," wiping the mouth after eating with a pocket handkerchief, and dropping crumbs—all of which a horror-struck Anglican saw in the Isle of Man. He adds: "Of course, there were fragments enough on the ground to feed with His body a multitude. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." To remedy this state of things the wafer is being used.

If the inquirer be a "churchman" he will find himself relieved from personal care about doctrines. "With the XXXIX Articles laymen have no more to do than with the laws of Memu or the dogmas of Confucius, says an editorial in the *Church Times*. Personally we are sorry for this, for we always thought the articles in the main extremely good. But he is not to be without employment. The ladies, for example, have occupation in decorating the altars with evergreens and flowers, in illuminating scrolls and embroidering sacerdotal vestments; and gentlemen can, like Mr. Hobbes, at Nothmoor, carve oak crosses. Besides, "monastic orders" are finding favor with the people, and "† Placidus O. B." (whatever that means) informs the *Church Times* that when Brother Ignatius, the Benedictine, left in ill-health he was under the care of two sisters.

A certain amount of caution is required for pushing this "Catholic revival." "But in many places," writes one, "the people are not prepared for the introduction of the cassock. Could not a short cassock, worn with a clerical coat over it, similar to that worn by bishops and deans, only of stuff to make a distinction, be first introduced, in order to pave the way, as it were, for the after introduction of the long cassock and biretta, or academic cap?" A little courage and patience will do it, for an "East Anglican town vicar" reports: "I have worn a priest's cassock all day on Sunday from the commencement of the first service, not only in the church, but in the town, and that for many years; and, though at first I heard an occasional titter among the servant-girls and their 'young men,' my people are now so accustomed to it that they would, I am sure, be surprised to see me habited in any other way." Let us hope that American "helps" and their young men will do nothing so irreverent as to "titter" when Anglican priests turn out dressed like old women in order to reach the masses.

A few years ago the leaders of this Anglican movement were not sanguine about this America. Let us presume they are more hopeful now. Here was the estimate of it in 1865, sent from this country.

"The same spirit of anti-Church which is developing itself in the Church of England, and which hesitates not to affiliate with schism in the attainment of its diabolical ends, shows itself in the communion of the Anglo-American Church (commonly called the Protestant Episcopal Church). There are priests and laymen here who, if they could, would Protestantize and sectarize our church. I think at the next General Convention the effort will be made. I do not, however, fear that they will be successful, as the great body of the clergy and laity is what is called conservative. It is true that this conservativeness is not Catholicism, as I receive it; but it is better than radicalism. Protestantism is rank in this country, and even in the church holds itself erect. There are, however, many Catholics; and they are meeting more than formerly for the interchange of ideas and the discussion of the prospects of the Church. The great movement in the Church of England excites the liveliest interest; and the immense progress Catholic truth and practice are making among you inspires us with gratitude to God and to his servants, the earnest-minded priests and laymen, who have done so much for the maintenance of a pure faith."

The Catholic party aims at dividing itself off from all the sects. It denounced "Dean and Lady Stanley, who had been seen within the walls of a Dissenting chapel." It was passionately vexed with a Sunderland rector who (we quote) "appeared on the platform with Independent and Wesleyan preachers, together with a Dissenting mayor and a Quaker or two, *et hoc genus omne*, to move a resolution of condolence to 'our American brethren' on the death of Abraham Lincoln." Unhappy man! He ought to be transferred penally to Bradford, which is "rife with Dissent and unbelief."

But they also propose to divide off the Anglican party from their fellow-Episcopalians. A Soho Hotel advertises itself as "recommended especially to members of the Church of England." This may go with Sidney Smith's man-servant, "who had brewed in Evangelical families." Is there an Anglican cookery? For there are Anglican schools. "A trained master of E. U. C. wishes his fellow-members to recommend him pupils, whom he will put under an orthodox priest." There is a "home for Anglo-Catholic gentlemen." There is a literature, too, of a novel style, outside Rome, such as "Devotions for the Three Hours' Agony of our Most Holy Redeemer," "Clergy Retreats," "Auricular Confession in the Church of England." The very undertakers are put in training by the clergy of St. Barnabas. "Catholicus" wants "a priest" to teach his little boys; while some Anglicans want colleges near "daily service and celebration."

Nor are the fine arts overlooked. Here is an entire advertisement from the *Church Times*:

"Ecclesiastical embroidery and tapestry for church decoration and vestments, designed and prepared for ladies' own working by Rodolphe Hilbronner, 265 Regent street, near the Polytechnic. Gold and silver fabrics, fringes, thread, and laces, velvets, faille, cloth, linen, and every other requirement for church needlework."

There is much importance about this department. A Rev. Baronet, for example, is very much exercised as to whether a chasuble should be made of stuff, linen, or silk. There can be no objection on principle to these feminine employments; but one is sorry that over the Hymnology of the Anglican there should be inscribed, "Mangling done here." Good Philip Doddridge, for example, would not have endorsed such an addition to his hymn as this, for a "priest's" funeral:

"For thy good priest, now fallen asleep,
To thee, good Lord, we pray
Thy peace and light to him vouchsafe,
And mercy in that day. Amen."

This, however, touches deeper questions than could be determined by ecclesiastical *modistes*, like this:

"Vestments. Frontals, hangings, banners, etc. Surplices, albs, girdles, and all altar linen. Cinctures, birettas, stocks. Church candlesticks, vases, etc. Altar pease, gold and silver crosses, religious prints, statuary, etc. Altar bread, altar wax, incense, floats, immortelles, harvest decorations. Mrs. Little's Ecclesiastical Warehouse, 20 Cranbourne st., W. C. Church embroidery. Also designs and silk for ladies' own working. Damasks, silk laces, etc."

It is hard to be serious at this point. "After tragedy farce." Failure of Protestantism! That is tragedy enough. After that—Angelicanism!

DECEMBER.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

I SIT and listen to the long, low howl
Of Winter, coming from his northern lair,
Girded about with ice—the angry growl
Of gathering storms upon the frosty air;
And the complaining woods that everywhere
Sob for the ravishing of their crowns of gold,
Crimson, and purple, and the manifold
Hues of the frost-fires, wierd and wondrous fair,
By ruffian winds. The brow of Heaven, erewhile
Bright with the glow of Autumn's quivering smile,
Now veils its beauty with the frequent frown;
And from the streams that, laughing, leapt adown
The rocky hillsides, or along the valleys
Glided with murmurous song, the song has fled,
And the flowers, listening on the banks, are dead,
Killed by the cruel Frost. The Snow King rallies
His white-pruned hosts, and sends them sweeping forth
In bannered squadrons from the frozen North,
Squadron on squadron, till their legion fills
The whole wide landscape, with its circling hills;
And the old trees, that stand like sentinels
To guard the passes winding through the dells
Down to the levels of the open plain,
Toss their nude branches to the hurricane,
While in their tops a spirit seems to wail
For the dead glories of the dying Year—
Its faded blossoms and its foliage sere,
Swept like the chaff before the angry gale.

THE CROSS.

BY REV. J. M. MANNING,
Junior Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.

ONE of the symbols of Christianity is a globe surmounted by a Cross. That symbol does not exaggerate the truth it seeks to honor. The Cross is the great fact in human history. It will yet be seen to overshadow all other facts; will survive them all; will be an object of growing love and wonder when they are all forgotten. Human history will run its course; will be finished up; will be laid aside to decay and disappear. The very traces of events shall be worn away from the world's surface. There shall be no vestiges of kingdoms, of states, of hierarchies left on the face of the earth. Only the Cross shall remain. That shall be monumental over the grave of all else. That shall be forever growing more conspicuous; it shall keep the memory of our planet fresh and dear through eternal ages. The redeemed souls, dwelling in immortality, and angels out of the heaven of heavens, will ask after that Cross; will speak of its wondrous virtues; will watch, with tender interest, the motions and phases of the far-off Ball, on which it was lifted up that all men might be drawn unto it. That Ball will be to them the place of the Cross, and nothing more. It will be nothing to the holy immortals that great empires were founded on the earth; that it was the theater of civil convulsions and bloodshed; that upon it were founded mighty churches for the glory of man; that it witnessed gorgeous ceremonials from which the Cross was left out, or under which it was concealed from view; that systems of doctrine, constructed in the pride of human intellect, have fought for the mastery on its surface. All these things, filling so large a space in our field of vision now, will be nothing then. For aught they could do to prevent, this earth might sail on everlastingly, unnoticed by the bright inhabitants of Heaven. The Cross, the Cross alone saves the little planet from oblivion; causes every saint and angel to ask after it; to gaze wonderingly upon it; to regard with peculiar interest those of their number who came from it. It is the altar-world to which the Son of God went to lay down his life and take it again. They look upon it, and their hearts are melted. They take their crowns from their heads and turn to him who is seated on the throne, who then was the victim, but is now the King; and they cast those crowns at his feet, saying: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and strength, and wisdom, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

In saying that the Cross is that which alone will perpetuate the memory of our world, I do not speak of the wooden structure on which our Lord died, but of the whole redemptive work which that structure suggests. All the saving love of Christ, from the time of leaving his Father's throne till he returned to it, is that which calls forth the adoring love of the host in Heaven; his putting off the forms of divinity, and entering into the form of humanity; his corporate union with our race, so as to be a partaker of our infirmities, temptations, sorrows, and struggles; his beautiful life of meekness and charity; his pure teachings and holy submission, culminating in Gethsemane and Calvary; his triumph over death; his fulfilling of all righteousness; his power, in virtue of his perfect sonship, to give the quickening and sanctifying spirit to his people. When we speak of the Cross, we mean him who bore the Cross—him in his own divine and ever-living person. We mean him who took away the sin of the world; who, here upon this earth of ours, solved the mystery of forgiveness; who explained that dark problem at which the universe stood aghast, and showed to principalities and powers how sinful man may be just with God. It was on our globe that Christ took up the awful enigma of sin; made atonement for it; brought deliverance from it; taught the wondering hosts in Heaven that it can be an occasion for God's glory to shine forth with new splendor. This redeeming and sin-destroying work, all associated with the Cross, is that which shall perpetuate the memory of our world, and make it forever dear to the assembled worshipers in Heaven.

Let us see now how inevitable it is that the fact should be as I indicated. The memorableness of an event does not depend on its greatness as seen when it occurs, but on its relation to the future. Some of the most splendid scenes in history are forgotten almost as soon as witnessed, all their meaning being limited to the passing time; and other scenes, too obscure to be noticed while passing, have so taken hold of the coming ages as to wax great and overshadowing in retrospect. The same is true of persons. There was a time when the boy Shakespeare excited but little interest in his native town; but he so wrote as to make the ages his debtors, and now his name saves that town from oblivion. Who would visit Stratford-upon-Avon, or regard it with any romantic interest, but for the poet who there wrought in obscurity for the delight of mankind? In like manner, what is this globe, but for the Great Name associated with it? A day is coming when it will be lost in the wilderness of worlds. Who in Heaven will value or remember it on its own account? But Christ was born there. There he did a work which took hold on all the future, whose meaning stands out more and more as eternity wears on. That is the poor earth's monument. That saves it from being forgotten, and makes it evermore an object of tender regard. How many of us would know, or care to know, that there is such a place as Ayrshire, but for the poetry of Robert Burns? What interest for us in the English town of Bedford, if Bunyan had not there dreamed his immortal dream? Many proud souls of that day, who knew his name but to scorn it, are now forgotten; but he shall be had in everlasting remembrance. What is left of Genoa that we care for, save the memory of Columbus? What of Mount Vernon, except the name of Washington? There was in the touch of these men a power to give immortality. It is the lack of a great soul, of a life which lays the long future under tribute, that keeps so many places common and unknown. A great deed of faith or of sacrifice is that which snatches them from oblivion, and makes them evermore dear to the coming ages.

But the immortality of this world is, after all, only mortal. Many names and places have a charm lasting as time, yet their meaning reaches only to the bounds of the temporal. They reveal a law which is full of instruction; but, by the operation of that law, the dead past will one day bury them with its other dead. They will cease to have any living interest, any vital relation to present and future things; and hence the storehouse of oblivion will claim them. They have a mystic hold upon us now; but their spell will be broken, their charm will be gone, when we step out of the temporal into the eternal. There is but one spot on all the earth that can never lose its interest. It is Calvary. That hallows not only Palestine, but the world; embalms it for evermore. There comes a day when all the spots of earth which are now the Meccas of our hearts will be disenchanted; when the whole earth, save as consecrated by the one fact of redemption, will be commonplace and stale. Christ alone did the work which concerns every being in the universe; the work which never decays or becomes a thing of the past, which excites new wonder, and calls forth loftier notes of praise, while the ages of ages are passing away. That wondrous humiliation and brotherliness with us in our sorrow and guilt, even unto the death, stand related to all the cycles of an eternal future. When the last temporal king has vanished into the past, and is no more remembered, the song shall go up in a sweeter and grander strain, "Worthy the Lamb." Other empires will cease to be of any account; but "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and of his government there shall be no end." But one interest in the universe can be eternal. It is the great work of love, whose symbol is a Cross, and which is forever linked in sacred association with Calvary. Love in the form of self-sacrifice, going after the lost, working out redemption from guilt, triumphing over the dark fact of sin—this is the everlasting kingdom, beginning in the Father's heart, compassing all worlds, and on which the Lamb of God is forevermore enthroned.

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

THE LAST OPENING OF THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

DECEMBER 7th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

WASHINGTON has not donned its ermine to greet Congress. Instead, the weather has gone into hysterics, and beats against the Capitol in a frantic storm of wind and rain. In anticipation, I had already hung up a picture for you, INDEPENDENT, a sort of pre-Raphaelite Jenkins, in which Tulip, in the city, and Daisy, in the country, were alike to take delight as they traced in it the exact shade of Mrs. Pinnacle's last new frock, and the most celestial outline of the lovely siren's nose. Alas! the new frock has not yet emerged from the big "Saratoga," and as for the cunning little nose, it don't go out in bad weather. "The beauty and the fashion" of which Jenkins maunders at so much per column is not at the Capitol this morning. So, my Daisy, waiting by the farm-house fire for the INDEPENDENT to come and show you how the great world goes, you must blame the weather, not me, that the gallery-feminine is arrayed in waterproof; that Mrs. Pinnacle's frock waits in her trunk for a sunnier day; that the picture "might have been" that is not, and cannot be, unless I send you "a fancy sketch"—which I have not the slightest intention of doing. The galleries are filled with men, with big overcoats and umbrellas. In the Ladies' Gallery there are a few women who are so unfashionable as to have something to do, even in Washington; a few more who have each an individual interest in some dear masculine on the floor below; and the usual number of old ladies, with white curls and black velvet bonnets. No matter what the weather, there are old ladies who are just as certain to be here as the galleries themselves. Among the most intelligent and interested of all the listeners to congressional debates are two women over seventy years of age. The gallery would look lonesome without their beautiful old faces.

The Reporters' Gallery overflows. The "gentlemen of the press" are very evidently making the most of their eyes, ears, and fingers in reporting the scenes before them. Attorney-General Evarts and Richard H. Dana are in the Diplomatic Gallery. Mr. Evarts's face is as narrow as a knife-blade, thin to emaciation; but the prow-like nose cuts straight into the air before it, with a line of direct and outriding power not to be mistaken. Richard H. Dana—burly, whiskered, and gray—still carries with him the unmistakable Bostonian air; and therefore looks the conservative, and would look the same were he a burning-up Radical. He reminds one of Sir Frederic Bruce, and is only the more Bostonian in seeming aristocratic and English. In the front row sit the new Vice-President's bride and sister. It is always pleasant to see "Carrie Mathews's" good, true face; but we miss Mrs. Mathews's heart-warming smile, and her many friends will hear with real sorrow of her feeble health. The bride wears a gray velvet hat and plume, with gray suit, dainty gloves, and a blue throat ribbon. (There is a pretty costume for you, Daisy!) The somewhat numerous damsels who spread their little transparent hymenial nets for "Schuyler's" wary feet, I'm sure, want to know how the woman looks who at last secured so desirable a prize. Plain "Nelly Wade" might have blushed unseen and wasted her sweetness on the Ohio air till her dying-day, without any "sketchers" troubling themselves to tell the color of her eyes or the expression of her face. But Mrs. Colfax must pay the penalty of place, and become common prey to the dreadful newspaper people, who are paid to satisfy the curiosity of all the "Susies," "Sallies," and "Lucies" in the land. Fortunately for her feelings, she bears no antagonisms in her presence to provoke criticism. She stirs no repulsion with meretricious airs and the elated and condescending self-consciousness which so many people bring from obscurity to a suddenly exalted position. One sees at a glance that she is a womanly woman, full of tender affections and gentle, household ways. She has a lovable face—which is so much more than one merely pretty; a piquant little chin; a mobile mouth, full of affection; an unaggressive nose; brown, smiling eyes, a perceptive forehead, and "bonny brown hair." All these you see while she speaks; but in repose a deeper expression, thoughtful and earnest, comes into brow and eyes from within. It is the face of a woman holding in her soul the latent capacity for a life deeper and fuller than she has hitherto lived; whose heart and brain are younger than her years, through lack of the perfect atmosphere in which they are yet to grow and ripen into a higher fulfillment.

I am glad that all the match-making Flummeries and Popinjays have been disappointed. That, instead of a jaded young lady of fashion, with a powdered face, a perverted heart, and a very bad digestion, Mr. Colfax has brought straight from her farm-house home a sweet, true, intelligent, "self-adjusted" woman to fill the second social position in the gift of the nation. While Dollie Popinjay was dancing round dances in the small hours of morning, wasting in dissipation the first sweetness and purity of youth, Ellen Wade, in an obscure home, was fulfilling her daily round of loving household cares: nursing by her own hearth the infirm and aged; learning patience, self-forgetfulness, and devotion; gaining a quiet wisdom, self-control, and a deepened force of affection. Now she has only to be true to that early discipline in the larger opportunity which God has given her to let her influence, like a blessed benediction, widen out over all the land. How we need such women to guard the sanctities of the household in high places; to open wide the hospitable doors of happy homes to the people, that all who enter them may realize, more and more, that the homes of the land are the strongholds of the nation! For you, at least, believe, my INDEPENDENT, that it is not in a larger intellectual life, nor in the swift-coming struggle for the natural rights of citizenship, that the fairest type of womanhood is fading out. But it is being lost every day in the inanity, idleness, and self-ishness born of the unoccupied and aimless lives of thousands of women, to whom home means only an "establishment," and "husband" an unfortunate biped, born to pay their milliners' bills.

While I am mentally busy with his wife, the Speaker is striking the gavel with great gusto and small effect below. The first day of this great school, these gray-haired, bare-pated boys are (if possible) more than usually disorderly. Everybody is glad to see everybody—at least, on the Republican side. There is a deal of reaching across desks, of hand-shaking in the aisles, and of dodging up to the Speaker's chair to offer congratulations. Thus it is almost impossible to hear the first resolution, demanding the recall of Reverdy Johnson from England. We miss the old Commoner, who for so many years has been a central figure at the opening of every session of Congress. Thaddeus Stevens's chair is occupied by a young man, a stranger. We see no eager crowd pressing around with hand, and word, and smile, for the white-faced old man, so long a prophet and leader amid the people. Gen. Butler is standing up, conspicuous as usual, and no less formidable because of recent sickness. Gen. Banks sits at his desk, stately and silent; no man in the House has a finer presence. Gen. Garfield, hearty and genial, is hand-shaking in the aisle. From an opposite direction (with his hands in his pockets, as of old) comes Pike, of Maine, one of the best and brightest men in Congress. Ashley, of Ohio, still nods his head like Jove; not a whit discomfited, though his friends are so truly sorry that he did not whip the Democrats. Washburn, with head thrown back in old style, is shaking his gray mane, and is just as jerky as before General Grant's election. The man now speaking, with such a quiet manner, yet with such repressed fire of temperament, such a nervous force of utterance, is Dawes, of Massachusetts. No man in the House has a keener, clearer intellect, nor a kinder heart. Why don't you elect him for your next Speaker, Congress? We have not to wait long to hear the voice of Brooks, of New York, the leader of the minority in bearing and oratory—the Sumner of the House. He is an imperial-looking man—tall, commanding, with iron-gray, waving hair, eyeglasses, a long nose, and a haughty chin. Like the Rev. Cream Cheese, he indulges in "wavy gestures," he revels in rolling periods, classical allusions, Greek quotations, and pathetic perorations over his "weeping, bleeding, and distracted country." Near the door, hat and cane in hand, stands Col. Forney, Secretary of Senate, proprietor of the Washington *Chronicle* and the Philadelphia *Press*—a handsome man, who, in defiance of advancing years, the most voluminous labors, and a full share of abuse, still seems to flourish in perpetual youth. Coming in at the door is Mr. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, whose final resignation must be regretted by all lovers of integrity in offices of high public trust. No man in the service of the Administration has been so abused for a faithful performance of public duty, and no man will leave it with more personal friends or a more stainless record.

The sun does not shine through the stained-glass roof, Congress does not look "brilliant" on its opening morning; yet there is a hum and glow and warmth in its wide atmosphere, full of the sympathy and magnetism of human contacts, full too, let us hope, of the vitality of truth, of patriotism, and of earnest purpose. Out in the corridors crowds of lobbyists, the vampires of the government, are busy already elbowing, button-holing, whispering, dodging in and out of committee-rooms, and corners, with ominous-looking documents and pockets full of letters. The old cake-woman in the corner has a fresh supply of cake. The "Indian Curiosity Man," and the photograph man have new wares for the winter's campaign, on which they are gazing dolefully without a customer. Vinnie Ream's rubbish is all swept out of the old Hall of Representatives. Mrs. Jones's "Goddess of Liberty" and all other hideous images and advertisements are for the first time within my knowledge stripped from the walls of the Rotunda, which at last hold nothing but the great historical pictures. Even the ghastly Lincoln in clay, wrought by a "boy of seventeen," has departed from the center: and in its place stands a magnificent statue in marble of Alexander Hamilton, executed by De Stone, in Rome. I was going to the Senate, you have but half an opening of Congress without it; but the limit of my paper and the limit of the space you have given me say nay, till another week. M. C. A.

ON THE RELATION OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

"ORDER is Heaven's first law." Every portion of the universe knows its own place and fulfills its proper function. There can be no happiness amongst mankind without due subordination. A state of society is impossible without this. So the Apostle says: "Submit yourselves one to another in the fear of God." Every one is under obligation to every one else. In some things every one must submit to others. On the knowledge of each one's true place, and on the rendering by each of what is due to others, the welfare both of nations and families depends. The most important of all relationships is that from which all others flow, as streams from a fountain. If this relationship is not properly understood, and its duties fulfilled, all others are likely to be perverted and God's gracious purposes for our happiness frustrated.

Wives are to "submit themselves to their own husbands as unto the Lord." This is based on the fact that God has made man the head of the woman. Whatever may be said of woman's rights—and much may justly be said—this must ever remain a fact, established both by Nature and Revelation, by God's works and God's Word. There are some features in which woman is very superior to man. There are some women who in *most* things are very greatly superior to some men. And there are a few—happily the exception—who by reason of their masculine strength are known as "strong-minded women." But the generic fact remains that man, as such, is, as a rule, the stronger both in body and in will. This indicates where authority should reside. Where there are more persons than one, occasion will arise where there must be precedence; both cannot go first when only one can go at a time. What shall be the law? Authority and power must go together; for what is authority without power to enforce it? A claim on the part of the weaker to govern the stronger would lead to constant conflict, through impotent demands on the one hand and successful resistance on the other. Woman, being the weaker, is therefore naturally under the law of obedience. Besides, man, being the stronger, is naturally the protector of the woman. Not only by her weakness, but by her special honor and functions, she is often engaged in the rearing of children and the duties of the household, and is then also additionally dependent on the protection of the man. This dependence teaches submission. St. Paul also urges as an argument that man was created first, but that the woman sinned first. "I suffer not a woman to usurp authority over the man. For Adam was first formed, then Eve; and Adam was not deceived, but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression." In writing to the Corinthians, he says: "I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man"; that "man is the glory of God, but woman is the glory of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man."

He also says: "For the husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church; therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

The true glory of everything is the accomplishment of the end for which it was designed. The true glory of every living creature, of men and of angels, is to occupy aright his own proper sphere, to develop his own proper functions, and not to aim at being something else and doing that which appertains to another. Woman, therefore, never so much dishonors and disfigures herself as when she attempts to occupy the place of man—apeing his dress, his occupations, or his authority. Just as a man would make himself contemptible if, laying aside his proper dress and functions, he were to array himself in woman's garments, affect feminine manners, and occupy his time in the details of the household and the oversight of the nursery. Woman has her special prerogatives and duties, in the exercise of which she will find her special beauty, strength, and honor. A true woman delights to see a man manly, and she can reproach a man with no term more severe than to say he is effeminate. So a true man loves to see a woman womanly; each honoring the special gifts of the other.

"For contemplation he and valor formed:
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.
He, for God only; she, for God and him."

The ivy has its beauty as it gracefully twines round the oak. But, were it to become stiff and rigid, and ape the robustness and strength of the tree to which it clings, while it would never become an oak, it would lose all its own special charms. Let it still cling there, following the oak's growth, leaning on it, finding its stability and life in it, while it clothes its ruggedness with grace and beauty. Wives, then, are to "submit themselves to their own husbands as unto the Lord"; not as if he were Christ, but in the same submissive and loving *spirit* as that in which Christ is to be obeyed. They are to be "subject in *every* thing." This c

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A MORNING HYMN.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

O SWEET, untroubled morning, bring
Untroubled peace upon thy wing,
And banish with the vanished night
The fears that cloud thy clearest light.

Not more serene, if not more drear,
Will be the morrow for our fear,
While Doubt, sad spendthrift! throws away
The golden coin of hope to-day.

Oh! for the Faith that goes to meet
The future with unshrinking feet,
Remembering that the sorest rod
Blooms with the patient love of God!

Dear Lord, whose mercy veileth all
That may our coming days befall,
Still hide from us the things to be,
But rest our troubled hearts in Thee!

THE HISTORIC JESUS.

III.

THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF JESUS.

BY REV. SAMUEL [illegible]

THE moral picture of Jesus of Nazareth, as drawn by the Gospel writers, though not eulogistic in the usual sense, but rather a simple and artless statement of facts, with no comment, or apology, or high-sounding phrases, has, nevertheless, given to the world what genius, in its creation of fiction, never gave. It is the picture of a *perfect* character—pure, patient, benevolent, just, true to God and true to man—proportionate and complete in all its parts, needing nothing to be added, recognizing nothing to be abstracted, and admitting of no improvement in the combination of its qualities. How different is Jesus from the heroes of Homer! How unlike the fancied men of Pagan poetry, that need only to be real to fill the world with mourners! How much superior in the degree of excellence to all the other characters that appear on the page of history! Peter was right when he speaks of Jesus as "the Holy One and the Just."

The life of this Jesus as thus set before us is not the life of an angel, chanting the sinless melody of Heaven, or that of God, in the pure and absolute spiritualities of his own being; but rather that of the Marvelous Man of Galilee, as presented in the Gospel narrative. It was a *human* life—human in the being who lived it, human in the forms of its expression, human in the moral tasks imposed, and human in its relation to outer circumstances; and, hence, like any other life, it had its facts observable by those who witnessed it, and capable of passing into the records of a personal history. It, however, seems so exceptional, so extraordinary, so much in advance of all other lives ever lived on earth as to be virtually miraculous. It is as really different from the usual career of men as is the resurrection of a dead body different from the ordinary course of physical nature. An ample experience shows that an absolutely sinless character on earth is not the product of the common influences that apply to the formation and growth of human virtue. And especially in the case of Jesus we utterly fail to find any causes outside of him and acting upon him at all adequate, by the mere force of educational discipline, to lift his spirit to the perpetual sunshine of sinless holiness, and make him a moral model for the race. We hence conclude that God must have tabernacled in the *man* Christ Jesus with a presidency of wisdom, power, and direction which place him in relations to the Deity sustained by no other human being. Neither his organization as a man, nor the circumstances under which he lived, can ever explain the moral character assigned to him by the sacred writers. He seems entirely above the range of these powers.

The *moral consciousness* of Jesus, so far as we can inspect it from the history, was that of *sinless* perfection. There is not a recorded instance in which he ever asked God or man to forgive him. He never acknowledged sin. He never made a confession. He never expressed any feeling of compunction, or recalled a word that had fallen from his lips. He never said anything to indicate the least sense of moral imperfection, or suggested that he had taken a wrong step, or could in any way have done better than he had done. He, moreover, often so spake as to imply a clear and positive sense of his own perfection. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" is the fearless challenge of a sinless consciousness. "And he that hath sent me is *with* me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I *do always* those things that please him." "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." These and the like passages are the spontaneous utterances of his immaculate purity: the out-spoken testimonies of his own spirit as to the moral elements of his inner life, marred by none of those signs of inconsistency, those false and foolish airs, those impudent self-conceits, those absurdities and efforts at self-righteous display, so sure to manifest themselves when mere men claim to be without sin. In him the claim seems natural, unstudied, unsought, unargued, unpretending, intuitive, self-demonstrating, without extravagance, and always harmonious with the most perfect simplicity and humility of character. It appears as the necessary expression of a spirit that, by the terms of its own condition, can express nothing else. Its parallel we do not witness in Abraham, or Job, or David, or Peter, or Paul, or any worthy of ancient or modern times. We hence assign to the interior and self-known life of Jesus a peculiarity in its perfection that distinguishes it from all other earthly lives. We see in it no signs of any of those phenomena and experiences that belong to a *sinner*. It seems absolutely unrepentant and self-approving.

The *expressions* of this life in the *moral principles* which formed its intellectual atmosphere, which Jesus inculcated and wished others to adopt, bear upon their very face the stamp of his matchless character. His words came directly from the sanctuary of his own spirit, uniting wisdom the sublimest with purity the most lovely, winning the commendation of even those who fail to practice them, and showing not merely a sagacious vision but also a perfect heart. In the great Speaker of these words we observe such a combination of qualities; such a superiority to all the methods of human art; such an independence and originality of idea; such an exemption from all the errors and follies of man; such a simplicity and beauty of moral expression; such a complete purity in the motives employed; such an appropriateness to each occasion; such a tender sympathy with the wants of this sinning and suffering race; such fidelity, sincerity, and candor; such an unselfish and benevolent attitude of mind—indeed, so many characteristics of personal excellence, appearing alike in the manner and matter of what he taught—that one instinctively feels that here is a being as pure as he is wise, sounding the very depths of spiritual truth, and at the same time filling the air with the fragrance of perfect holiness. Jesus was a faultless teacher. Make the world as good as the Gospel he preached, and the result would be Paradise restored. His sayings have stood the test of criticism in all ages; they have been subjected to the most scrutinizing inspection of thought; they have been thoroughly tried in their practical effects; and yet no one has detected in them the slightest mark of weakness or impurity. There they stand, unaffected by experience, unrepealed by time, unequaled by anything else—a legacy of perfect wisdom and perfect holiness, proving a corresponding perfection in the source whence they came. Jesus was certainly as wise as his own ideas, and as good as his own Gospel.

In the *actions* of Jesus we find the moral incarnation of his thoughts, the spiritual workings and embodiment of truth in the operations of a conscious soul, and the practical outgoing of the life. We here behold him mingling with all sorts of persons, and tested by a great variety of occasions; and yet wherever he is, or however situated—whether in the ordinary conditions of his daily life, or at the Last Supper, or in Gethsemane, or in the judgment-hall, or on the Cross of Calvary; whether among friends or among enemies, whether in public or private life—he is the same meek, pure, wise, God-like being—always equal to himself, and always sustaining the symmetrical and blameless moral beauty of his own character. He never utters the language of vindictive passion; he never does anything but the very thing he should do. Though dignified, he is not cold and reserved; and, though intellectually great, he is perfectly accessible to the humblest child of want. He is free from superstition, liberal without laxity, innocent as a lamb without weakness, bold without rashness, uniting the gentlest passivities of patience and forbearance with the greatest force and energy. Self-collected and self-possessed, he is alike superior to the infirmities of friends and the rage of enemies. Judas betrays him; and yet no vengeance burns in his heart. Peter denies him; and, with the tender look of love, he fills the erring disciple with sorrow. The baptism of Gethsemane is upon him; and in that strange hour he says: "Not my will, but thine be done." Though reviled, he reviles not again. Delivered into the hand of sinners, and persecuted even unto death, he does not lose the meekness, patience, and love which have been the charm of his whole life. He forgave "his murderers before his blood was cold on their hands." As he hangs a bruised flower drooping on the Cross, the earth beneath shudders with pain, and the sun above is clad with the symbols of funeral grief—a sad yet fitting honor paid to a life of such moral majesty! so simple that a child may converse with it, and at the same time so spiritually grand that meditation looks upon it with admiration and wonder.

The *impressions* which the character of Jesus has made on all observing intelligence conclusively show its marvelous purity and power. John the Baptist, who evidently knew him as a *man* before he knew him as the Messiah, was strongly impressed with his extraordinary virtue, and hence hesitated to baptize him. "I have need to be baptized of Thee; and comest Thou to me!" His betrayer in the hour of conscious remorse exclaimed: "I have betrayed *innocent* blood." Pilate said: "I find no fault in this man." "I am innocent of the blood of this *just* person." The persecuting Jews clearly evince a concealed consciousness that it was difficult to impeach the purity of Jesus. They often fled from his presence, like criminals haunted with the sense of their own guilt. The disciples, who knew him well, thought him to be holy, harmless, and undefiled, separate from sinners. Familiarity with him only strengthened their sense of his excellence, making him increasingly "a greater wonder and a holier mystery." God by a voice from Heaven said of Jesus: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Eighteen centuries have now elapsed since this strangest and best of beings moved amid the scenes of earth. The short and simple narrative of his life has borne his name to almost every clime, and invoked the judgment of countless millions. Yet where in all this vast array of mind is there a single man who, having made himself acquainted with the life of Christ, ever supposed that he had detected a solitary fault in the published character of this most wonderful Person? Who among the Augustines, the Luthers, the Calvins, the Melancthons of the past ever saw anything in him to condemn or regret? What disciple ever thought of making an apology for his Lord, or spreading the mantle of charity over anything Jesus ever did or said? Nothing is more evident than that his followers have in all ages been impressed with the superhuman and singular excellence of his character. They have studied it with delight, and felt the transforming power of the being whom it adorns.

This impression is by no means limited to Christian hearts. Thomas Paine, in his "Age of Reason," is very careful to say: "Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and amiable man." The beautiful and eloquent tribute of Rousseau—the polished but skeptical Frenchman—glows with the language of admiration: "What sweetness! What purity in his manners! What impressive kindness in his instructions! What elevation in his maxims! What presence of mind! What skill and propriety in his answers! What control over his passions!" "Is it possible that a book in its faith so sublime, so wise, should be the work of *men*? Is it possible that he of whom it is a history should himself be a *man*?" "Truly, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God." Theodore Parker was very far from being a safe religious guide; yet he spake of Jesus in saintly language: "He unites in himself the sublimest precepts and the divinest practices; thus more than realizing the dream of prophets and sages"; and "pours out a doctrine beautiful, sublime as Heaven, and true as God." "But eighteen centuries have passed since the sun of humanity rose so high as in Jesus. What man, what sect has mastered his thought, comprehended his method, and so fully applied it to life?" Renan—that fanciful and lawless trifler with the Gospel history—pays the tribute of profound respect to the character of Jesus; and such, it may be remarked, is the general attitude of all the German rationalists who seek to expurgate the record of all its supernatural qualities.

Upon the personal altar of the absolutely Pure and Perfect in Jesus universal thought thus instinctively places its willing offering, recognizing in his life the voice of Heaven, full-toned, blending all the harmonies of virtue, and swelling out into the finished melody of celestial song. It is indeed a wonderful thing that at least one such being has lived among men. While the solitary exception in the whole history of this world, the fact presents humanity in its primitive beauty, its unforfeited intimacy with Heaven, its likeness to the immaculate Godhead, its restored perfection and moral costume in the skies, unsoiled by sin, glowing with a celestial consciousness and emitting the odors of Paradise. Such an expression, such an advent of purity well deserves to be immortal. It should be remembered and studied by an appreciating race as long as time shall last. It is too perfect to be *false*. The evangelists must have had the *original* before their eyes, or they never could have drawn such a picture. To suppose that plain and unlettered men, without any help but their own fancy, absolutely *invented* the character of Jesus—creating the historic texture of facts which they present, and then so adjusting their ideal hero to its demands as to clothe him with perfect moral beauty—is to invest them with a skill which they certainly did not possess. The truth is, they knew Jesus; and what they did was simply to narrate what they had seen and heard.

ON PREACHING.

Prayer and Brains,
Time and Pains,
Will make a telling sermon.
Attack like Phil;
Hold on like Grant,
And thunder through like Sherman.

THE CELESTIAL PHOTOSPHERE.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

THE derivation of our word atmosphere from the Greek is *vapor-sphere*; and so it often happens that the atmosphere of mind through which men observe and reason is vapor, instead of clear, transparent air. It is not air-sphere, but shadow-sphere, self-opinion-sphere. Coleridge somewhere said that as the chameleon darkens its color in the shade of him who bends over it to observe it, so self-opinion falsifies the form and coloring of whatever is looked at by a prejudiced spectator. It also hides more truth than it falsifies, for it is a darkening veil. It occasions and produces profound ignorance, and so may bring about great crimes. "Now, brethren," said Peter, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did your rulers."

But that ignorance was not simple; but a compound of self-will and self-imposed darkness for a purpose. "For they that dwell at Jerusalem and their rulers, because they knew Him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him." Here was the case of men's mental atmosphere, vapor-sphere, determining their sphere of character and existence for aught we know eternally (for we know not how many of them may have repented), taking them out of the sphere of honest and true lives, and putting them into the sphere of murderers, for so they are charged by Peter. And so to most of them what follows shows that their ignorance and persecuting malice were willful, for they deliberately avowed their belief in the miracles wrought by Peter and John, and consequently their knowledge that what Peter and John affirmed concerning Christ was attested by Jehovah; and yet they as deliberately refused to listen, and conspired to suffocate and destroy from the earth both the witnesses and the testimony. They were repeating their own conspiracy against Lazarus after his resurrection, consulting that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus. Murderers will an any time shoot the witnesses, if they can, to save themselves; so one murder is followed by more. And this is the spirit of any Papal organization, when its safety, its integrity is supposed to require the crushing or annihilation of opposing testimony, or of the Protestants that rise up to present it. The Judaism of these high-priests and Sadducees was the natural parent of the Papacy, with its tortures, its inquisitions, its burning of the witnesses.

The view of divine things through the mere atmosphere of the intellect, without that of a trusting, believing, loving heart, must almost inevitably be a false view. The intellect may reach all that is natural; but not the supernatural, not God. What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man? Even so the things of God knoweth no man but by the Spirit of God. Hence, a man may know the pages of Shakespeare, but not of the Bible. His mental atmosphere embraces, receives, and is an intuitive solvent of all the inspirations of genius, but not of faith. He may be myriad-minded as to all nature; but as blind as a fossil or a bat as to the developments of grace.

An example is found exceedingly impressive and instructive in the case of Goethe. Take the record of Goethe's first acquaintance with Shakespeare. It is very remarkable. "The first page of his that I read made me his for life; and when I had finished a single play, I stood like one born blind, on whom a miraculous hand bestows sight in a moment. I saw, I felt, in the most vivid manner, that my existence was infinitely expanded; everything was now unknown to me, and the unwonted light pained my eyes. By little and little I learned to see; and, thanks to my receptive genius, I continue vividly to feel what I have won. . . . I sprang into the open air, and felt for the first time that I had hands and feet. And, now that I see how much injury the men of rule did me in their dungeon, and how many free souls still crouch there, my heart would burst if I did not declare war against them, and did not daily seek to batter down their towers."

Goethe's own admirable genius was enough for that. He needed only to work, and to work out his ideals, and the falsehoods of the "*men of rule*" fell before him. Now, the mischief which the men of rule wrought upon the souls confined in their dungeon was still worse against the souls confined in the dungeon of naturalism in opposition to the light of the Word of God, excluded or neutralized as mystical. But we see that the same enthusiasm which Goethe and his friends would ridicule, if produced by the Gospels and exercised toward them, was regarded as evidence of a genius correspondent with that of Shakespeare when moving toward Shakespeare himself. Goethe was well acquainted with Heinrich Stilling, and his religious experience; but was not at all affected by it, regarding it perhaps as a harmless mysticism, an amiable but groundless delusion. Goethe's mention of the men of rule and their dungeon may remind us of Plato's cave, and the gloomy bondage of its inmates to the worship of shadows by fire-light, esteeming that as more real than the light of the sun. The shadows were the reflection of their own fires; the sunlight was God's work, not theirs.

How otherwise is such blindness to be accounted for on the part of souls endowed with high powers of imagination and reason? It is the want of a divine *photosphere*, a believing and sympathizing medium of spiritual vision, an intuition or unction of grace, that celestial armature of the eye of the soul gazing at the Gospels, which the reason must gain from the Giver of the Gospels and of light. Compare Goethe's enthusiastic admiration, love, and almost worship of a human production with his own treatment of the Gospels. It is not for want of a marvelous susceptibility to be moved, nor of a profound sagacity and power of perception, where the "honor one of another" is concerned, that there was not the same worshipful regard of the Gospel; but it was Christ's own reason, applied to the case of unbelieving men of genius of his own time, among whom there was then reckoned an aspiring pupil of the school of Gamaliel, afterward overshone in the way to Damascus. "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another, but seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"

Compare with this, also, Goethe's own account of his admiration of Spinoza, in his Ethics: "What especially riveted me to Him was the boundless disinterestedness which shone forth in every sentence. That wonderful sentiment, *He* who truly loves God must not require God to love him in return, together with all the preliminary propositions on which it rests, and the consequences deduced from it, filled my mind. To be disinterested in everything," etc. Certainly this was borrowed from the Nazarene; but, as coming from him, was disenchanted of its glory. Under the assumption of being originated by human nature, it was flattering to human pride, and surrounded the genius of Spinoza as a halo. But now let there set alongside with this Goethe's corresponding view and treatment of the claims of Christianity. He could not accept the corruption of human nature, and its sole dependence on Divine grace. Nevertheless, the last words of Goethe, dying, were, "*More light!*"

CHUM-YUM.

BY H. H.

THE word has a clumsy sound and look, and instantly raises before our eyes the image of the caricature man with a pig-tail who sells tea. To be Chinese a thousand or so of years before Christ, however, was quite another thing. It is humiliating to read how wise they were then; to find that our purest teachers to-day can give us no better maxims than they knew, and that all philosophers ever since have been but borrowing and repeating their words.

It is very hard to believe that the Emperor Fo-hi really drew up his magic table when Noah was only a middle-aged great-grandfather. After groping about for a time among the enigmatical attempts of Venvam and Cheu-cum years later to unravel it, one finally gets down to Confucius, only five hundred years before Christ, with a feeling as if he really were after all quite modern; a sort of yesterday's confirmation and clearing up of dead ages; a little like the unexpected endorsement of Dr. Hitchcock's bird-tracks, which you find some morning in the rain-drop indentations on the muddy sidewalk before your door. It can never be proved that Fo-hi's ideas on the nature and discipline of men were really those which Confucius two thousand years afterward deduced from the chaotic rubbish that no one but a Chinese would have the heart to attack; but, whosoever they are or were, we cannot excel them to-day.

Among all the good things that Confucius held and taught Chum-yum stands high. He says that all men must love it, must seek it; that in possessing it they possess happiness, in departing from it they lose peace. Even in those better days it seems it was not held in the esteem it deserved; he strongly condemned those who scorned it, and warned them of their mistake. One favorite disciple of his, named Hori, seems to have been the only man he knew who fulfilled his ideal, and never forsook "Chum-yum." Of him he says: "He had an exquisite discerning faculty; he remarked all the differences that occurred in things." Confucius does not claim that to seek and possess Chum-yum is easy; far from it, in the very greatness of the difficulty is to be the stimulus for noble minds to conquer and compel it. He says: "You will find men capable of governing happily the kingdoms of the earth. You will see some that will have magnanimity enough to refuse the most considerable dignities and advantages. There will be some, also, that have courage enough to to walk on naked swords." But among all these strengths may after all be found wanting the one greatest and best. "To arrive hereat, art, labor, courage, and virtue are required."

Confucius had many pupils and followers: emperors embraced his doctrines; and so long as the Celestial Empire stands his descendants are to be held free from taxes, and to have the rank of mandarins. To-day it would not fare so well with him who should go about preaching the good and the beauty of Chum-yum.

Chum-yum is the "perpetual mean," the "golden mean," the equilibrium which wise men live in, which knows no extremes and is unpopularly called mediocrity.

Have we use or room for this doctrine to-day? It means no bustle, no envy, no making haste to get ahead of neighbors, no overweening pursuit of one thing to the exclusion of other things, no upholding of one creed to the exclusion and abuse of other creeds, no pleasure for to-day which will make weariness for to-morrow; avarice is to be content without having more, and poverty is to be thankful that it has no less; love is to know no idolatry, and hate is never to punish; industry is not to slave, idleness is not to sleep too late; anger is to be silent, and mirth is to take counsel of soberness; knowledge is not to refuse to rest, and ignorance is not to refuse knowledge; masters are to restrain command, and servants are to honestly choose obeying; judgment is to wait, pride is to remember, and grief is to foresee.

All wise men have said the same thing. Chilo says, "Covet nothing that is too much. Exercise temperance"; Pittacus, "Do nothing too much"; Demophelus, "The golden mean is of all things the best"; Epictetus, that glorious bondsman, "Moderation, as it is a short and agreeable way, brings much delight and little trouble." These things also knew Aque, the son of Jakeh, when he prayed to be spared from both poverty and riches.

Christianity comes also with the same wisdom, saying through the mouth of Jesus: "Be not righteous overmuch," and "Let your moderation be known of all men."

Music.

IT was a compliment to Mr. Oscar Pfeiffer, the well-known pianist, and perhaps we should say a mark of good taste in the public also, that the severe simplicity of his first concert since his return from Europe did not leave him with a thin audience. The entertainment was very well attended, and the listeners were enthusiastic. It came off on the evening of the 8th instant, at Steck's little hall in Eighth street, and the only performers were Mr. Pfeiffer himself and Miss A. F. Heune. Mr. Pfeiffer is an excellent pianist, with a clear, strong touch and a correct and refined taste; and Miss Henne is a fine contralto singer, whom we should be glad to hear oftener.

There was a pleasant musical entertainment, on the 9th, at the Allen-street Presbyterian church, the building being crowded to its full capacity, and repeated encores protracting the performance far into the evening. The Union Glee Club gave several of their best quartettes, and a number of amateurs and favorite professional singers contributed their services.

Equally successful was another church concert on the following evening—that given at the 16th-street Baptist church, for the benefit of the Sabbath-school. The music was under the direction of Mr. Robert Elder, the celebrated blind organist, who played, besides other pieces, a piano duet with his daughter, Isabella, on themes from *Der Freischutz*. The singers were mostly amateurs; but their performance was keenly appreciated, and applause was loud and long.

The churches last week seemed in fact to get the lion's share of the music. On Thursday there was a concert in the chapel of the New York University, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to paying for an organ recently purchased for Dr. Deems's Church of the Strangers. Mr. George W. Morgan had charge of the entertainment, and his assistants were Mr. Toulmin, the harpist, and Miss Julia de Braux and Dr. Barrows, the soprano and tenor of St. Ann's R. C. church, where Mr. Morgan now plays. Miss de Braux and Dr. Barrows are both young and promising singers, and Mr. Toulmin's excellence is well known.

The second soiree of the New York Conservatory of Music, at the Conservatory Hall, corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth street, took place on the same evening; and attracted, as usual, a large and gayly-dressed audience; mainly composed of the friends of the pupils. Mr. Lejeal, Mr. Alard, Mr. Kirpal, Mr. Frost, and other professors attached to the school, took part in the programme; and there was some highly creditable singing and playing by the more advanced scholars, among whom Misses De Pew, Wooster, and Wells particularly distinguished themselves. The rigorous and artistic rendering of Raff's *Polka de la Reine*, by Miss Cassie Wooster, deserved high praise.

We are gratified to see it announced that a singing-class, for beginners, is forming at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 161 Fifth Avenue. Instruction will be gratuitous for members of the Association. This measure will not only add greatly to the attractiveness of the institution, but promises to do a great deal in little time for the cause of congregational singing.

Art and Artists.

DECEMBER is the harvest month of our artists. It is a continued gala day with them from the beginning to the end of the month. They have but little time for work; for the daylight is brief, and often obscured, and they devote a good portion of their time to receiving visitors, arranging exhibitions, and attending sales. The studio receptions have already begun, and attract crowds of visitors; as usual, mostly ladies, however, who, like elegant loiterers, naturally are eager to improve the opportunity of being admitted into the secrets of the artists, of seeing their half-finished pictures upon their easels, and examining the various objects which painters and sculptors love to have about them in their work-rooms.

The artists of the Dodworth Building, in Fifth Avenue, opened their studios this year a week earlier than the Tenth-street Studio, whose receptions only commenced on Saturday last. Our out-of-town readers should bear in mind that these artists' receptions are better worth their attention than any place of so-called amusement in the metropolis. They cost nothing, and the visitor enjoys the rare privilege of seeing the most celebrated of our painters and sculptors, surrounded by specimens of their work which have not been exhibited to the world elsewhere. The studios in Tenth street, this year, are deprived of Bierstadt, Church, Gifford, Wier, McEntee, and Launt Thompson, who are in Europe; but there are Page, Beard, Gignoux, Perry, Guy, Hays, Le Clear, Heade, W. Hart, George C. Lambdin, Whitridge, J. G. Brown, and many others, who render this cloistered building one of the most remarkable in the world for the number of artists which it shelters. It is a veritable college of art.

The Artists's Fund Association have opened their annual exhibition of pictures at a room in Broadway, preparatory to their sale for the benefit of the fund, which will take place before Christmas. The exhibition is confined solely to the contributions of the members of the association, and are but 69 in number, most of them being merely sketches; consequently the show is not a very attractive one, but it contains some good pictures. Eastman Johnson, one of the most conscientious and painstaking of our artists, who never sends forth a sketch from his easel, but always finishes his work before exhibiting it, sets an example to his fellow-members which they should strive to emulate. Two of the members of the association, Leutze and Elliott, have died this year and their families will be entitled to the benefits of the fund. Besides Mr. Johnson's contribution, entitled "Our Father who art in Heaven," there is a charming little picture by J. G. Brown; but the greater part of the pictures are slight landscape sketches, as usual.

At the parlors of the Fifth-avenue Gallery, on the corner of Fourteenth street, Mr. Jerome Thompson has on exhibition his two companion compositions of sentimental landscapes, entitled "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Home, Sweet Home," together with some sketches of his Western experience, which he picturesquely entitles "Paddling your own Canoe."

We learn that Mr. Frye, who was so successful in his sale of the Ruggles gems, and who has had the charge of Mr. Thompson's pictures, is about going to France, to procure some of the paintings of Gustave Doré for exhibition in New York.

There was a private view given, on the evening of the 9th inst., at Snedecor's Gallery, in Broadway, of Constant Mayer's new picture, which he calls "Good Words." The title is not very suggestive. It represents a young girl giving a Bible-lesson to her pupil, and is in the style which Mr. Mayer's other pictures have made the public familiar with.

Mr. Schans has lately added some new pictures by eminent French painters to his exhibition-room, among which is a large painting by A. de Curzon, representing Neapolitan flower-girls. The figures are nearly life size, but there is no special excellence in the execution or design. Another picture, by an artist whose works are little known here, is much better entitled to a careful inspection. It is a picture of still life, by Desgoffe; but the objects represented are not the traditional vases and goblets commonly seen in similar compositions. They are faithful representations of articles of historic interest preserved in the Louvre.

They have an Academy of Fine Arts in Cincinnati, of which Joseph Longworth is president, and George Ward Nichols, formerly of New York, is the corresponding secretary. The second exhibition of the Cincinnati Academy is now open, with a good collection of pictures, to which artists may at any time send their works, and withdraw them at their pleasure.

In Mr. Commissioner Leslie's report on the fine arts in relation to the Paris Exposition of last year, he says: "The majority of our painters are landscape artists, and such they must probably long remain, unless they fall into the easy but wonderful style of reproducing lay-figures, of which West and Alliston were masters." We presume that Mr. Leslie means Allston; and it is not presuming too much, from the nature of his opinions, that he knows no more about his works than he does about the orthography of his name. But we would like Frank Leslie to explain by what right he, in his character of official representative of the United States at a fine art exhibition, declares that our painters "must remain landscape artists." Mr. Leslie volunteers the very remarkable piece of information that "genius is useless and often vicious unless directed with judgment." But genius means judgment. Mr. Leslie's report is full of gems of uncommon sagacity. For example, he says: "Let no one suppose the orations of Cicero were spontaneous bursts of eloquence." Well, to oblige our commissioner, we will not suppose anything of the kind. But, if any one should, what then? What has our commissioner on fine arts to the Paris Exposition of 1867 to do with the orations of Cicero? It is very strange, too, that Mr. Leslie should feel himself called upon to pronounce the works of some of our artists that were not sent to the Exposition as "absolutely abject." The misprints in Mr. Leslie's report are really scandalous, considering the nature of the work. In the list of American exhibitors whose works were in the Exposition that excellent young artist, Winslow Homer, is ruthlessly extinguished under the name of W. Horner.

Temperance.

THE London *Times*, a journal not likely to be charged with fanaticism, says: "The use of strong drink produces more illdeeds, crime, want, and misery than all other causes put together."

—The War Department has issued orders for department commanders to furnish the names of all officers incapacitated for duty by reason, among other things, of habitual intemperance or regular attendance on gambling-places.

—The manager of a theater in St. Louis, having offered a silver cup for the best conundrum, on the occasion of the presentation of the cup, awarded it for the following: "Why is the manager of this theater like a liquor-seller? Because he presents the cup which brings many to the pit, while those above are in tiers."

—A chaplain of a certain prison in England has taken the biographies of its inmates, to the number of 720. They were sons of ministers, eye, and ministers themselves, some Sunday-school teachers, many who moved in excellent positions in society; and of those 720 prisoners in that jail nineteen out of every twenty were there directly or indirectly through strong drink. What an awful fact!

—Illinois held a temperance convention in Bloomington last week, to consider what can and ought to be done, politically and otherwise, to put down or control the liquor traffic in that state. It is proposed to institute a party that will make prohibition its platform and test; and aim at ultimately carrying, as has been done in Michigan, a constitutional amendment which will establish that principle as fundamental law for the whole state.

—Dr. E. H. Hatch, superintendent of the Connecticut Reform School, Meriden, Ct., writes: "The annual meeting of the Connecticut Temperance Union, to be held in the Asylum-street Congregational church, Hartford, Jan. 12th, is looked forward to with the deepest interest by the friends of temperance in all parts of the state. Since its formation this society has been steadily on the increase; its annual meetings have been more and more largely attended; and now we expect this, the fourth, to exceed all others. Our noble governor (now Senator), William A. Buckingham, has been the president from the first, and his name and influence has been a great force in its onward movement. The secretary, Rev. E. H. Pratt, is an indefatigable laborer, and the pecuniary success of the society has been in a great measure secured by his labor in the churches, Sabbath-schools, and common schools all over the state. There are other noble men laboring in the state; and all, I believe, actuated by a common purpose for the general good. All the friends of the cause in the state will be welcomed, and all societies are urged in the call to send delegates. It is hoped that the churches and Sunday-schools particularly will be represented. New England ought to take the lead in suppressing this giant evil, and Connecticut ought not to be in the rear. It is a hopeful sign when one of the great political parties takes as its representative in the United States Senate one who is a leader in this glorious cause. The temperance men hope much from his influence and example at the capital of the nation."

Education.

IOWA State University has $300,000 cash and ten thousand acres of choice lands.

—Hon. Ichabod Washburn, of Worcester, has given Lincoln College, Kansas, $25,000; and, in acknowledgment of this noble gift, the institution is hereafter to be called Washburn College.

—Avery College, at Allegheny City, Pa., under the presidency of Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, is making encouraging progress. Gen. Howard and J. M. Langston lately visited the institution and addressed the students.

—The late Mr. Benjamin, of Elmira, gave the sum of $80,000 to the Elmira Female College. A subscription of $25,000 is to be made, whereby to secure $25,000 from the state, the comptroller to pay the college the interest of this perpetual fund of $80,000.

—Miriam Holton Brown, who died at Le Claire, Scott County, Iowa, Nov. 8th, 1868, and whose school was the first in New York in which physiology and hygiene were introduced as prominent branches of study, bequeathed over $16,000 to her executors, to be devoted to the diffusion of knowledge upon those subjects.

—The Portland *Press* makes a strong plea in favor of opening the colleges of that state to females, expressing the opinion that the measure would have a salutary effect, pecuniarily as well as socially and intellectually. It ventures to "predict that the time is coming when the man who shuts the door of a college against any human being properly qualified and struggling to become wiser and better will be despised by others, even if he has not sense of decency enough to feel ashamed of himself."

—A convention of presidents of different colleges met last winter at Harrisburg, and petitioned the legislature of Pennsylvania for state aid to their several institutions. Hon. M. B. Lowry, of the senate, favored the application, provided that they would throw open their institutions to young women who could pass examination upon equal terms with young men. As the petition was likely to be renewed the present winter, Mr. Lowry was asked if he stood where he did last year on this question. He responded in a letter full of good sense, from which we quote:

"I stand where I stood last year, only a little straighter. Every dollar which has ever been expended for education in this state, taken together, has yielded a return of a thousand fold; and yet in the colleges of the state it has only done half what it should, for it has excluded one-half of the community, and that half which most needed its protection. The money in the treasury of the state belongs equally to the fathers and mothers of Pennsylvania. Why should we take it to educate our sons in the colleges for usefulness, prosperity, virtue, and honor, and leave our daughters in ignorance, uselessness, and on the way to destitution, poverty, and perhaps prostitution and hell? I can easily understand how a proslavery Democrat can vote to exclude his sister from education and enfranchisement; and I cannot but think that a Republican who will do so is greatly in want of a reconstructed heart and a logical mind. It is the high cultivation and education of the immortal part of man that constitutes our great wealth; and I will resist as best I can the crime of withholding upon equal terms that blessing and that of enfranchisement from all mankind, of both sexes, of all countries, and of all colors, under general laws applicable to all. Intelligence is the lever that elevates the world. Why should not the weight of our daughters be put upon that lever as well as that of our sons? I would go further, and repeal the charters of all societies and institutes of learning that discriminate against the sex of their mothers, and bestow their degrees of M. D., and D.D., and LL.D. only to the lords and gentlemen. It is time the antediluvians were unearthed. I will, therefore, not vote the money of all to any institution in the state that will not open wide its doors to all who can pass the requisite examination, regardless of sex, race, nation, or color."

Scientific.

OF all animals birds only close their eyes in dying—in the last convulsion the eyes close by the uprising of the lower lid.

—A remarkable landslide took place Nov. 22d, at Cumberland Mills, Me. Nearly forty acres of land slid into the Presumpscot River, completely filling its channel.

—The Social Science Association will hold a general meeting in Albany, on the 20th of January. Department meetings will also be held in Boston to discuss practical subjects.

—The vapor of turpentine prevents the ignition or even the phosphorescence of phosphorus. In some match factories the workmen wear a tin cup of the essence of turpentine on the breast, to prevent the exceedingly deleterious action of the phosphorus.

—We notice the death of a chemist in England from the effects of carbolic acid which he was attempting without any aid to apply through a long tube to a decayed tooth. He was overcome by the volatile poison, and, being alone, it could not be removed.

—The *British Medical Journal* says that M. Lartet presented at the last meeting of the *Société Savantes* three crania with other human bones which he had found in his explorations in Dordogne. The limbs were of prodigious strength and the crania remarkably large. These skulls, he says, are far from presenting the characters of inferiority which the school of development would attribute to our ancestors.

—Every one who has made lilies a study knows that the most splendid of them all is the famous *Lilium auratum* from Japan. Mr. W. Cro[illegible] of England, has a bulb in a pot twenty-f[illegible] inches in diameter, which this year thre[illegible] three stems eight feet and a half high bearing respectively 81, 34, and 28 flowers. Mr. James Bland has another magnificent specimen, growing in a sixteen-inch pot, which has five large stems from seven and a half to eight feet high, which with nine smaller stems have a total of 100 flowers, some of them *thirteen* inches across. Although this lily was introduced into this country a year earlier than in England, we can boast of no such specimens.

—We see attention called from two opposite quarters to onophagy. *Macmillan's Magazine* thinks that those European nations which have introduced hippophagy would find the flesh of the ass, which is a very clean feeder, more palatable than that of the horse. It says: "Everybody who has eaten roast donkey has pronounced it excellent. In flavor it is said to resemble turkey, though the color is considerably darker. The accomplished *gourmet* is aware what animal it is that contributes most largely to the composition of the best sausages in the world—the Lyons sausages." A Sandwich Island paper speaks of 18 or 20 asses being lately killed and eaten by the Hawaiians, who "declare that it is the tenderest and sweetest meat they have ever eaten."

—In those Russian palaces where there flourishes some of the Oriental partiality for the bulbul or nightingale, singing-schools are established in which young birds are instructed. The master nightingale, in his cage, suspended in the middle of a saloon, has his scholars ranged around him in their respective cages. A certain sum per hour is paid for each bird brought to learn his lesson. Before the master sings, they chatter and gossip among themselves, salute and recognize each other. But as soon as the famous teacher with one imperious note has imposed silence, you see them listen with an evident deference, then timidly repeat the strain. The master complacently returns to the principal passages, corrects, and gently sets them right. A few then grow bolder, and by some felicitous chords essay to supply the harmony to the dominant melody.

—In a pamphlet on the routes by which cholera travels from India to Europe, J. C. Peters, M.D., says that the little Moravian town of Sarepta, in Russia, has always escaped the disease, in consequence of strict quarantine and great cleanliness. Five epidemics of cholera have passed by it, and none have ever entered its streets, although it is situated in the most dangerous place imaginable, at the spot where the River Volga and River Don touch each other very nearly. The trade and travel between the Don and Volga are very great at this spot, and the disease is always carried over from the Volga to the Don at this place, yet Sarepta always escapes. In 1830 over 40,000 Don Cossacks died in the small corner embraced by the lower ends of these two rivers; yet Sarepta saved herself. The disease is often communicated through drinking water into which has passed some of the fungous growths found in the alimentary canal.

—A contributor to the *American Naturalist* describes the method of preparing eggs for ornithological collections. The best way of removing the contents is by drilling two holes on one side, some ways from the two ends, and not at the ends, as is the common custom. Apply a small blow-pipe to the smaller hole, forcing the contents out of the larger. If it contains an embryo, the egg should be again filled with water by a glass syringe, and another attempt made; and,

Our Young Folks.

OUR BABY.

DARLING little baby,
Oh! you are so sweet,
With your rosy fingers
And your tiny feet!

Mamma loves you dearly,
(So does papa too)
Says you're such a treasure
She don't know what to do.

Can't I hold him, mamma,
Just a little while?
Let him sit upon my lap,
And see if he don't smile!

Now, then, say who's got you,
Little darling boy!
If you're mamma's treasure,
You are sister's joy.

Shake your tiny fists about,
Twist your little toes,
What a pretty mouth you've got,
But such a funny nose!

Kiss me, little darling!
Only one, two, three,
Oh! what funny kisses!
But they're sweet as they can be.

Now he's getting sleepy,
Shutting up his eyes:
Rock-a-by, my baby dear,
See how still he lies!

J. A. S.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

MY LITTLE FRIENDS.

BY EMMA LOUISE.

My two little friends, Nellie and Alice, have just spent the day with me; and, now that I am left alone, I have time to think how pleasantly the time has passed Would my little readers like to know something of these dear children of whom I have spoken? Well, they are plump, lively little things; Nellie about nine years of age, and Alice two years younger. They are not as handsome as many; but are loving and obliging, and alas! they are (what some of you may be, children,) orphans. Their father and mother died when Nellie was six years old and Alice but four. Their Heavenly Father watched over them, and they found a pleasant home in the house of their aunt, a noble Christian woman, whose children one by one had been laid away in the village churchyard, and her heart opened toward these orphaned little ones. Her house is only a short distance from mine. I soon made the acquaintance of her little nieces, and now we are on the most friendly terms, and they often spend several hours with me, as they have done to-day. Nellie and Alice had brought their dolls with them, and for a time I had made myself a child again, and we had a merry time with the dolls. Then I played some of our sweet Sabbath-school songs on the piano; and they had accompanied me with their little voices, which I so much delighted to hear. Then came dinner, when each had her own little plate, which they always used when on a visit to me; and at dessert the girl Katy figured largely in their conversation, which she had made especially for them. After dinner, I proposed a walk, to which they joyfully assented. They ran for their hats and warm shawls; for, although the Autumn sun shone brightly, there was a chill in the air, reminding us gently that Summer had surely passed, and by and by stern Winter would come. Our walk was through a lane, which in Summer was shaded with thick foliage, but now many of the leaves had fallen under the chilly touch of Jack Frost. Enough, however, remained in their gorgeous autumnal coloring to make this lane quite a cheerful place; at least, so my little friends seemed to think, as they went skipping before me, sometimes stopping to gaze at the bright-eyed, striped little "chipmuck," which darted so swiftly through the almost leafless trees, and then running on again, making the crisp fallen leaves rustle under their footsteps. In a short time we reached our destination—a small, neat-looking cottage, standing all by itself at the end of the lane. We rapped at the door, which was opened by a pleasant-faced but sad-looking woman, who invited us to enter and be seated. I explained to Mrs. Brown (for that was the woman's name) that my little friends and myself had come to inquire after the welfare of her two little girls, who had been very ill. She informed us that they were improving, and would probably be quite well again in a few weeks; but she continued, hesitatingly, "I was really afraid they would make themselves worse, they felt so badly when they recollected that to-morrow will be Thanksgiving, and I told them we could have no turkey or anything but our usual plain fare for dinner. Not that they are so fond of eating, ma'am, for at best the poor dears have but very little appetite at present; but, young as they are, they feel so deeply the change since last year, when their poor father was alive. We are now too poor to afford anything but the simplest and plainest food. I told them that their other and Heavenly Father had seen best to deny us many things, but still he had left us much to be grateful for; and to-morrow we must make our thanksgiving and praise unto him that they were spared to me, and I to them." "Then," she continued, "they became quite cheerful, and I do hope they will continue so." After a little more conversation we wished her good-afternoon and took our departure. I noticed how thoughtful Nellie and Alice looked as we walked homeward, and I inquired the cause. Nellie answered: "How I wish I was a big woman, and could send those poor children a fat turkey and lots of things!" I smiled at her eagerness; and then asked if she could think of nothing else which she might do for them. She replied, rather sorrowfully, that all she had was thirty cents, which her auntie had given her to buy her dolly a new dress; but that would not buy a turkey. "No, my dear," said I: "but they would need something else for dinner besides turkey. Would you be willing to go without the dolly's dress, and get a little package of tea for them?" "Oh! could I?" said she joyfully. "I should be so glad to. And Alice has thirty cents, too; will that get a little sugar?" "Oh! yes," said I. So, chatting pleasantly, we reached home. "Now," said I, "let us go down to the poultry yard." Then I told them they must help me to select the best turkey and chicken, and we would send them to the family we had just visited. The children's delight was unbounded at the idea. The turkey was soon chosen; but they were longer in deciding which of the pullets should lose its pretty head, for they were the favorites. But the selection was finally made; and John, the workman, was called upon to be executioner, and to take the fowls to Katy to dress. Then the little girls started off for the tea and sugar. And, although their little feet moved rapidly, so also did Katy's fingers; so that by the time Nellie and Alice returned the fowls were in readiness. Then I took a basket, and Nellie ran for a large towel; and we packed first the turkey and fowl, then a loaf of bread and a roll of butter, some eggs, the tea and sugar the children had brought, and two or three pies. I sent John for some cranberries and vegetables, and when he came back all was ready. So they started, John and Katy, with the baskets, and the little girls with them to carry the message I sent to Mrs. Brown, which was, "to do myself and little friends the favor to accept the articles sent." In about an hour they returned; and I asked how they were received. "Oh!" said Nellie and Alice in one breath, "Mrs. Brown did not say much, but she *looked so happy!*" "Well," thought I, "if she is as happy in receiving as we are in giving, I am sure we are fully repaid." Then the dear children said they must bid me good-night, as their auntie did not wish them to remain out late. So I kissed them an affectionate good-bye, and gave them into Katy's trusty care to see them safely home. Do you not think, my little readers, the day had passed pleasantly? And now, dear children, when you are seated around your loaded tables on Christmas Day—or, what would be better, *before* that time—will you not remember those to whom God has given less of the good things of this world? For remember, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

It is not at all beyond the means of many a little boy and girl to buy a turkey or chickens, and send them as a gift to make a hearty Merry Christmas in some humble home. Try it, and see if your own turkey does not taste all the better for it.

Sabbath-schools.

THE Missionary Association of Dr. Cuyler's Sabbath-school held its sixth anniversary Nov. 6th. It sustains one missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, and two at the West, under the care of the Presbyterian Committee of Home Missions.

—A Chinese Sabbath-school has been started in Santa Clara, California. At its second session, October 25th, 27 Chinese were in attendance. They were put in classes of two each, and many of the leading citizens were present as teachers. Half a dozen of them learned their letters at this session, and such was their desire for further instruction that they met on the next Tuesday evening, when 30 were present.

—At a meeting of the Warren-street Mission Association, Brooklyn, last week, a committee was appointed to consider the feasibility of erecting a new mission-building; the present one being too small for the Sunday-school, and it having been proved by an experience of a dozen years that a self-sustaining church cannot be built up in the present location. The mission is connected with the Church of the Pilgrims, Rev. R. S. Storrs.

—The Seventh-Day Baptists claim that there is no older Sabbath-school in Europe or America than one started by Ludwig Hacker, one of their leaders, in 1740, in one of the old monasteries belonging to the society. Children were taught here on the Sabbath uninterruptedly until 1777, when the Revolutionary War caused its suspension for five years. After the battle of Brandywine, Gen. Washington used the monastery as a hospital. The school was resumed in 1782. No doubt in many places children were taught on the Sabbath long before the time of Robert Raikes; but the man who founded the *system* deserves the honor.

—The *Sunday-school Times* for Nov. 28th gives up five columns of its space to a "Sunday-school Oratorio," entitled "The Song of the Pilgrimage." It was prepared by W. E. Knox, D.D., for his own Sabbath-school, and the leading parts are adapted to about 20 scholars. It represents the pilgrim as alarmed, directed, starting on his journey, tempted, amid difficulties, amid enemies, in affliction, rejoicing, approaching death, and entering heaven. It has a repertory of solos, duets, quartos, choruses, and anthems. A large number of the songs are taken from "The Singing Pilgrim" of Mr. Phillips. It is intended to be used, we presume, for a sacred concert to be given by the Sabbath-school on a week-day evening.

—The Sunday-school Institute of the Southern Central District of New York was a great success, being ably conducted by Thomas K. Beecher and Charles Z. Case, of Elmira. The *Sunday-school Times* says:

"A few persons, unacquainted with Mr. Beecher and his methods, thought they discovered in his firm reliance on routine in the Sunday-school, and his opposition to sensationalism, flashiness, and cant, a want of spirituality. The warm-out materials are mostly in the smoke; when he, skipping those human words and reflections so common at a parting hour, merged himself and his audience in the glories and beauties of the Cross; when he himself, he, with inimitable tenderness and power, magnified his Master—all hearts melted at his story of Jesus. Many eyes, unused to weep, suffused with tears; and earnest amens echoed the closing prayer."

—A writer in the *Church Record* thinks it is not enough that Sabbath-school children should learn to repeat the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Church Catechism, without understanding their meaning. Having expressed this most sensible if not particularly novel opinion, he proceeds to justify it by a description of Episcopalian schools, which we trust he has drawn from a very limited observation. He imagines a thought'ul stranger visiting church schools for the first time, and says: "He would perceive that in most of the classes scraps of religious knowledge were being imparted to each child one by one, while all the others in the class were lolling on the form, talking, pushing, teazing one another, eating apples, oranges, or sweetstuff—in short, doing anything except paying attention to the lesson. The teacher, meanwhile, every now and then is endeavoring, in a low order, but usually without any success; there is a perpetual warfare going on between the teacher and the taught, and our visitor would probably wonder which was most to be pitied." Then he proceeds to give a series of answers, not imaginary but real, which the stranger might hear. "He might, for instance, hear in the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses *against us*'; in the Creed, 'He *descended* into Heaven'; 'I believe . . . in the communion of *sins*.' It is not uncommon to hear, 'I heartily thank my Heavenly Father that he has called me to this state of *starvation*.' Let him ask a child to repeat its duty toward its neighbor, and he *may* hear, 'To keep my body *from* temperance, soberness, and chastity.' As another, 'What is the outward sign in baptism?' It *may* reply, '*Water wherein*.'" We imagine that Dr. Newton would tell a different story about the church schools of Philadelphia.

Gommercial Notices.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

THE purest and sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the sea-shore; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. Ask for "Hazard and Caswell's Cod Liver Oil," manufactured by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

MRS. A. BY. JOHN, of Rochester, says that during the past ten years she has made more than 3,500 vests with her Wheeler & Wilson machine, besides doing her family sewing; and that she has made over 1,000 vests with the needle now in use.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients; and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Bluing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR CO., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y., and 59 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MATHUSHEK'S LITTLE COLIBRI PIANO is becoming the *universal favorite*. Doubt no longer, but buy the best. Every piano warranted for five years. Send for circular to BLASIUS & MATHUSHEK, General Agents, 594 Broadway, New York.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., 1 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 134@136.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 11,326 packages. The market has been more active and advanced in price. There were about 1,500 firkins taken for California. Some 600 to 800 Welch tubs sold at 45@46 cts. for choice Fall Butter, and 40@44 cts. for that which is a little frosted and for Dairies. Some strictly fine Delaware style of dairies (or Orange County, if you please) brought 48@50 cts. These take the place of Fall Butter, which is not now coming fine enough, but sells mostly at 45@46 cts. for the better quality half-firkin tubs. In response to inquiries with reference to making Butter we submit the following, derived from competent sources:

Stock.—Alderny and Ayrshire Cows stand high, but are expensive. The Durham crossed with native makes, perhaps, the best available breed for dairy purposes. Sown corn in summer, good stabling, and hay and roots in winter, and great care with stock that comes in early (feeding them roots sprinkled with cornmeal and the earlier-cut hay) is indispensable.

Making.—The old-fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch spring-house way, where they turn out the celebrated Philadelphia rolls, has been adopted by the Creamaries and any dairyman that has a good spring should use it. Conduct the spring, which should be at a temperature of 45 to 50 degrees, into a reservoir sufficient to contain the desired number of coolers. Fill your coolers (say 8 inches in diameter by 18 inches high) with the milk, and set them into this pool of running water. In from 4 to 6 hours it will be ready for skimming in 50 to 60 hours, and the cream obtained retains more of its original richness and flavor than by any other method; and for this reason the surface exposed to atmospheric action is about one-tenth less than the old method, so that the fragrance and goodness of the cream does not pass off, and, the temperature of the spring being uniform, the same result is always attainable. Where no spring is at hand, have your Milk-house buried in trees and foliage and well ventilated. Set the milk in pans 4 inches deep, and let it stand until the milk sours. Stir the cream after skimming and before churning. Churn with a dash, and with the cream at a temperature of 60 to 62 degr e. Use ½ cr. Ashton Salt (none other) to one pound of Butter for immediate use, and ¾ to one oz. to the pound when intended to be kept through the season. Work the butter without breaking the grain until the buttermilk is thoroughly extracted, but don't work it to death. Let the Butter stand 24 hours before packing. Always get the *best* package obtainable. Soak well in brine before using. Pack solid and not too full. Keep a correct scale, weigh your Butter carefully and liberally for the buyer, and mark the weight and tare and your own initials legibly on the package.

Tares.—On pails mark the full weight. On firkins and Welch tubs 2 lbs. soakage, and on half-firkin tubs 1 lb. soakage, is always added here. We quote:

Fine Fall Butter	46 @ 48
Fine Dairies, Orange	48 @ 50
Good to Choice Dairies	43 @ 45
do. do. Fall	40 @ 42
White Winterish Butter	35 @ 40
Low grades Common State Butter	30 @ 35
do. do. Western Butter	30 @ 35
Roll Butter, in bbls. or boxes	33 @ 38

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 15,465 boxes. The market is very firm, and we advance quotations ½ cent per pound. We quote:

Factory Cheese, firsts	18 @ 18
Fine Dairy Cheese, firsts	17 @ 18
Good to Choice Dairies	16 @ 17
do. do. seconds	14 @ 15
Private Dairies Cheese, firsts	17 @ 18½
do. do. seconds	13 @ 15

EGGS.—There is good demand for fresh Eggs and prices are higher. Limed Eggs are very plenty and dull. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz..... 30 @ 33
Canada and Western, per doz..... 29 @ 31
Limed Eggs..... 25 @ 30
Egg Oats, per bushel, 35@36 cts.

POULTRY has been very dull all the week, and lots of poor stock were sold during the fore part of the week for prices as low as 12 cents; 14 cents is about the top price for fine State. Turkeys to-day and Chickens, 15 cents. There will be good demand for all kinds of choice stock from now until after New Year's. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb.	16 @ 17
Chickens,	14 @ 15
Ducks,	13 @ 14
Geese,	13 @ 15

GAME.—All kinds are in light supply and wanted at our quotations. We quote:

Grouse, trapped, per pair	$1 15@1 25
Woodcock, per pair	75@ 87
Partridges, per pair	75@ 80
Quail, per pair	2 75@3 00
Rabbits, per pair	50@ 60
Venison, saddle	16@ 20
Whole Deer	10@ 14
Turkeys, Canvas-back, per pair	2 00@2 50
Mallards	1 50@1 75
Teal	1 00
Red Heads	1 00
Wild Turkeys, per lb.	16@ 18
Red Head Canvas-backs	1 50@2 00

BEANS.—Medimus were in larger supply during the fore part of the week and sold lower, say 48 2@3 75. At the close receipts are lighter, and last week's prices are obtained. Marrows and Kidneys continue to be scarce, and sell quick at our outside rates. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. 62 lbs.	$4 25@4 50
Shimpins, " "	4 50@4 75
Mediums, " "	3 50@3 80
Pea, " "	3 00@3 25
Mixed lots, " "	3 00@3 25

BUCKWHEAT is quiet at 40 cts. for Southern and Western.

TALLOW.—Receipts have been large, mostly inferior grades, and with moderate demand prices are lower. We quote 11½@12¼ cts.

BUCKWHEAT in good demand at 94 80@4 75 per 100 pounds.

DRIED FRUITS.—Apples are in good demand at 10¼@ 11 cts. for nice lots of State, and 8@10 cts. for Southern and Western. The balance of the list is dull but firm. We quote:

Apples, State	10 @ 11
do. Ohio	9 @ 10
do. Southern	8 @ 9
Dried Peaches, new, peeled, good to prime	24 @ 27
do. do. do. fair to good	18 @ 22
do. do. unpeeled, halves	8 @ 9
do. do. do. quarters	5 @ 6
Blackberries, per lb.	20 @ 25
Cherries, pitted, per lb.	23 @ 25

SEEDS.—Clover and Timothy are dull and prices are nominal. Flax Seed is quiet and easier. We quote:

Clover, per lb.	12 @ 13¼
Timothy, per bushel	2 75@3 25
Flax, "	2 70@2 74

ASHES.—Pots have been in good demand and are firm at $7 75. Pearls are dull and nominal at 8¾@9 12.

DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 62 Pearl street, New York,

gives particular attention to the Commission Sale of FALL BUTTER. Also CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, etc.

Put Initials on packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

WANTED—A COMFORTABLE HOME with a kind and pious lady for a motherless girl, ten years old. Please address, stating terms, religious denomination, etc., CARGILL, INDEPENDENT OFFICE, New York.

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Is an infallible remedy for

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DR. LYON'S TOOTH TABLETS.

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CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA.—The Journal of Chemistry has justly stigmatized all Inhalations, Snuffs, and Powders as deceptive. WM. R. PRINCE, Manufacturer, Flushing, N. Y., announces his Newer Fashion Remedials from Plants for these fatal Diseases, also for other Complaints, as Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Debilitation, Ear Emotions and Deafness, Spermatorrhœa, Skin and Mercurial and other Emutive Diseases, Medical Circulars 25 cents. Advice gratis.

"WINGS" PASTILES WILL SPEEDILY RELIEVE coughs, colds, catarrh, and all bronchial affections. Public speakers and singers will find the Pastiles invaluable. For sale by druggists, price 25 cts. per box. BROWN & WING, Proprietors, Potsdam, N. Y.

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Do you want to clear a cold this winter without any risk? You can do it selling *Brown's Patent Double Cone Pocket-Side Pumps*. Address O. R. BRIGGS & CO., cor. William and Liberty st., New York, or 125 Clark st., Chicago.

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ASHES—Pearls: 1½@ cts. Pots, 1st st. 1@2d 7 75 @ 7 87½. Pots, 2d sort, 7 50 @ 7 62½.

CANDLES—Duty: 24@ cts. Sperm, W'h'e..... @—
Sperm, Ord. to Fine..... @—
Tallow, Dipped..... @—
DeDol'da M'f'r..... @—
Adam'ine Gl'd..... @—
Adam's, Stale..... @—

COAL—Duty: 40c. @ 81 per ton.

Lig. Orr'ption..... @—
Pictou..... @—
Pictou..... @—
Anth. Wash'n, 10 00 @ 10 00
COCOA—Duty 1 c. @—
Maracc'ed shipm'ts @—
Trinidad..... @—
Para..... @—
St. Domo'o..... @—
COFFEE—Duty: 5c. @—
Rio, Cargoes, Prime 11 @ 11½
Jamaica..... @—
Laguayra..... @—
Maracaibo..... @—
St. Domo cargoes..... @—
COPPER—Duty: Pig and Bar 2½c. and Sheathing..... @—
Ingot..... @—
DRUGS AND DYES—
Alcohol..... @—
Alcos. Wine..... @—
Aloes Socotrine..... @—
Arrowroot, Bermuda..... @—
Ann'tree, oil..... @—
Annatto, ord..... @—
Arsenic, pow'd..... @—
Balsam Copaiba..... @—
Balsam Capiv..... @—
Balsam Tolu..... @—
Bark, Cinchona..... @—
Bark, Slippery Elm..... @—
Bi-carb. Soda..... @—
Blue Vitriol..... @—
Brimstone, roll..... @—
Brimstone, flour..... @—
Brim's ex'd, 55 00 @—
Camph'r refined, c..... @—
Cantharides..... @—
Cantharides..... @—
Cardamoms..... @—
Cardamoms..... @—
Castile Soap..... @—
Chamomiles..... @—
Cinchona Calisaya..... @—
Cinchona, Red..... @—
Cinchona, Yellow..... @—
Cochineal, fine silver..... @—
Cochineal, ord..... @—
Copperas, Am..... @—
Copperas, Eng..... @—
Cubebs, E. I..... @—
Cubebs, Java..... @—
Epsom Salts..... @—
Gamboge..... @—
Gum, Arabic, sorts..... @—
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Gum, Arabic, sifted..... @—
Gum, Arabic, Amber..... @—
Gum, Myrrh..... @—
Gum, Myrrh..... @—
Gum, Tragacanth..... @—
Gum Trag., flake..... @—
Gum Trag., ribbon..... @—
Gum, Pot'sh, Bright..... @—
Gum, Pot'sh, Brown..... @—
Gum, Senegal..... @—
Gum, Shellac..... @—
Gum, Shellac, bleached..... @—
Gum, Shellac, pkd..... @—
Gum, Shellac, orange..... @—
Gum, Myrrh..... @—
Gum, Opium..... @—
Gum, Opium, pkd..... @—
Gum, Opium, Turkey..... @—
Gum, Opium, Smyrna

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1868.

THE LAST JOHNSONIAN ESSAY.

THE Message was the President's own—its billingsgate, its malice, its defiance, its shamelessness, and all. It was the work of "Lancelot, and not another." A single such man in any country is enough to make all its other demagogues appear respectable by comparison. Once we supposed that no president would ever again commit an official atrocity equal to Millard Fillmore's signing of the Fugitive Slave law; but Mr. Fillmore is a saint of the calendar in comparison with Mr. Johnson. This Tennessean's statue (if he is to have one) should be wrought in brass, and represent him shaking both fists at the walls of the Capitol. Nor can one help fancying him grating his teeth as he penned some of the bedeviled sentences of his message, they are so full of hatred, passion, and revenge.

"States to which the Constitution guarantees a republican form of government," he says, "have been reduced to military dependencies, in each of which the people have been made subject to the arbitrary will of the commanding-general." And yet this self-same critic of the reconstruction measures was himself a military governor, and one of the earliest agents of the Federal Government in inaugurating the very system which he condemns!

"There seems no good reason," he says, "why the reconstruction measures should longer remain on the statute-book." And yet this perpetual eulogist of popular majorities knows very well (and trembles in knowing) that all the states of the Union, except half-a-dozen, voted overwhelmingly to reaffirm, to maintain, and to enforce these identical reconstruction measures.

"The attempt," he says, "to place the white population under the domination of persons of color in the South has impaired, if not destroyed, the kindly relations that had previously existed between them." And yet the author of these words once stood on the steps of the state house at Nashville, and, with hands uplifted toward heaven, swore an oath to these same "persons of color" that he would be their Moses!

"It would be just and equitable," he says, "that the 6 per cent. *interest* now paid by the Government should be applied to the reduction of the *principal*." And yet the man who has the effrontery to say this knows well enough that to pay the interest of a debt, and then to count the paid interest as so much reduction of the principal, is to cheat the creditor out of the principal altogether, and is nothing less than shameless robbery. A man who would claim that in paying the interest he was paying the principal might just as well deny that he owed either principal or interest at all.

Mr. Johnson will go into history as a man whose public career has exhibited him in the three-fold character of drunkard, rebel, and repudiator.

One would have supposed that the President, in closing his official term, in making his farewell address to the American people, in bequeathing his last will and testament to posterity, would have endeavored to win back some of those golden opinions with which his countrymen unwittingly honored him at the beginning of the war. But, ever since he first disclosed his real self to the world's eye, it has been apparent that his final epitaph would be Macaulay's remark of Sir Antony Astley Cooper: "Every part of his life reflected infamy on every other."

When, in a few weeks, his term shall end, and he shall go back to lead in person the Ku-Klux Klans in Tennessee, he will be found by his old neighbors to be a more rusted, corroded, and mildewed thing than the ancient tin sign in Greenville which still says "A. Johnson, Tailor." The sight of that rusty sign will, perhaps, make him wish that he had never laid aside his needle and thread; and he will then, for the first time in three years, be of the same opinion with his fellow-countrymen.

A JUDICIAL FARCE.

THE recent trial of General Cole for the murder of Hiscock, in view of the evidence presented to the court and jury, and the verdict rendered, seems little better than a judicial farce. Upon a purely *ex parte* statement, and without a solitary word of explanation or denial from the lips of his victim, Cole prepared himself for this deed of blood. He sought Hiscock with the purpose of murder in his heart, and when he found him he shot him through the head. Why then was he not convicted? Why was he pronounced legally innocent of any crime, in the face of conclusive evidence to the contrary?

The theory invented or accepted by the jury, in answer to this question, is that of *insanity* in the form of a momentary but "uncontrollable frenzy"—so strangely put as to defy the demands of law and provoke the contempt of common sense. The jury had no doubt as to the facts charged in the indictment, and none as to the sanity of the prisoner up to the moment immediately preceding the homicide, and also his sanity immediately afterward; and yet this sage jury had doubts on the question of sanity at the exact moment of the killing, and, being instructed by the court to give the prisoner the benefit of these doubts, brought in a verdict of acquittal.

We scarcely know what to say of a verdict so stupidly absurd upon its very face. The plea of insanity is always a just ground of exemption from punishment, provided the fact be established as a condition of the prisoner's mind antecedent to the commission of the crime for which he is tried. The counsel of General Cole endeavored to make out such a case; but the jury regarded the effort as a failure by declaring him sane through all the preliminaries of the killing, up to the precise moment of the fatal deed. Just here, and here only, the jury begins to doubt. For what reason? What possible evidence was there, by the very showing of the case, upon which to hang such a doubt? Finding the prisoner sane up to the very moment of crime, and immediately afterward, the jury plainly had no right to presume that he was not equally sane, for all the purposes of legal responsibility, during the commission of the crime. The magnitude of the offense is no proof of insanity. Adopting the theory of this jury, we might as well at once dispense with courts of law, and conclude that all men are insane at the moment of committing high crimes. There never was a homicide, and there never can be, which would not be entirely covered by such a precedent. We wonder how twelve honest men, in the possession of ordinary common sense, could so completely stultify themselves and create at least a presumption of their own insanity.

The country has already had too many sad examples of *private vengeance*, virtually licensed by the failure of juries to convict those who indulge themselves in this kind of luxury. It is high time that the precedents were changed, and that all men were taught that under a government of law the code of barbarism is out of date. The theory of "uncontrollable frenzy," as the basis of release from punishment, is fatal to the peace and safety of human society. Depraved persons are too apt to have this sort of "frenzy"; and, if they cease to be legally responsible when they have it, then law affords no protection to the individual. Men have no right to be walking around the streets as so much explosive nitro-glycerine, ready to kill each other, with provocation or without it. They have no right to redress their grievances, real or imaginary, by violating the laws of the land. Those who take upon themselves this responsibility should bear the weight of its penal consequences. This will be just to them and a needful warning to others.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

WHEN the Spider asked the Fly so courteously to walk into his parlors, it was, doubtless, owing to his knowledge of the natural history of the guest whose society he courted and his accurate acquaintance with the extent of his intelligence. We believe it is not recorded whether or not the Fly accepted the proffered hospitality, though it would be entirely in keeping with what we know of his volatile character if he did. It could hardly be in jest that the Pope has invited "all who profess to call themselves Christians," whether he recognizes them as such or not, to come up to the Œcumenical Council which his Holiness is to hold next year at Rome, to see whether they cannot agree upon some terms on which they can all return to the true fold of which he is the only shepherd. And yet it is hard to believe that he could have supposed that they would accept his invitation. The spectacle of the Congregationalists, the Methodists, and the Baptists, in the persons of their authentic representatives, sitting at the feet of the Scarlet Woman, and recognizing her right to bid them to her assembly as her guests, would be one rather entertaining than edifying, were it a possible one. The scoffers will not have it to divert themselves withal, nor the judicious Christian to grieve over. For the flies will resolutely refuse to enter the parlor thus thrown open to them, whether it be the one named for Saint Peter, or that having the superscription of Saint John Lateran. Not that they would be in any danger of the fate which naturally waited upon the too credulous fly. They would be too hard morsels for the poor old spider to swallow, and altogether more than a match for him and any meshes he could weave for their entanglement. But they will decline putting themselves in so absurd a predicament. The ritualistic division of the Anglican Church is the only portion of the successors of the men who denied the supremacy of Leo X. and Clement VII. at all likely to place themselves under that of Pius IX. And they are hardly to be held back as it is.

This measure, like many of the later acts of the Holy Father, is significant of weakness rather than of strength, and savors of the apoplexy, as did the homilies of the Archbishop of Grenada, which cost the too candid Gil Blas his place. His endeavors to *medievalize* the nineteenth century, and to play at the Sovereign Pontiff which Gregory VII. and Julius II. were in stern reality, smack of dotage, and a dotage of the office as well as of the man. The solemn recognition and proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, in the splendid assembly of all the princes and prelates of the Church, would have been a great fact three centuries ago. It was a mere theatrical pomp and scenic show at the time it was held. So the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, which would once have sent a thrill of devout enthusiasm throughout Christendom, was regarded by all but the most ignorant of the Catholics themselves as a sort of stage-play, got up for the amusement of a well-meaning old gentleman and of the heretical crowds that swarm in the Eternal City in search of sights. The latest proposition of the Pope is to canonize as a martyr Madame Elizabeth, the daughter of Louis XV. and aunt of Louis XVI. who was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She was a very pious and excellent person and in a sense a martyr, but in no sense a martyr for religion. A political one, if you please; but no more entitled to be promoted among the saints than Louis XVI. or Marie Antoinette. We think it was in her favor and that of her sister, who luckily for herself died just before the Revolution, that the important theological distinction was taken that *game* is not canonically *meat*, so that it may be lawfully eaten during Lent and on other meager days. A good Catholic might well think that she well deserved a place in the calendar for such a service as this to the devout lovers of good cheer, if for no other saving grace.

The wicked wags of Paris divert themselves with the notion of a Saint Elizabeth such as they see her in her portraits—in powder and hoops, rouge and patches on her cheeks, ribands in her hair, and a corsage cut marvelous low. And, undoubtedly, such a spectacle, should it indeed be held up to the frivolous gaze of Paris would not tend to solemnize its mind. The time for this kind of exhibition of sacerdotal power has gone by, and cannot be brought back again. The endeavors of the Pope to strengthen his hands by religious spectacles, and the exertion of supernatural prerogatives reaching into the world to come, are the mere grasping at straws of a man instinctively feeling that the waters are soon to close over him and his triple crown. The miracles wrought, according to the French general, at Mentana, by St. Chassepot are all that the intelligent Catholic mind ever accepts as belonging to this age of the world. And the horror of the sight of the successor of St. Peter, who was set by the Master to feed his lambs, blessing the butchers who slaughtered them with their murderous implements, has been a powerful force to disenchant the liberally inclined portion of the Catholics as to their head. As prince he might defend it; but as bishop and the vicegerent of the Shepherd of Souls he is without excuse. As was well said to the mediæval bishop who excused himself for fighting with carnal weapons on the ground that he fought as a prince and not as a priest—"when the Devil comes after the prince what will become of the priest?" The practical effect of this scheme of a general council, as of all his other devices, we believe will be to open a new way of escape to the flies already in his web, and not to entangle any fresh ones in its meshes.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PROSPECTS.

AN ingenious speculator in history lately made out a calculation to show that, judging from a comparison of dates fatal to French sovereigns, the year 1869 ought to carry with it the doom of the Emperor Napoleon the Third. It would almost seem as if the world in general were under the spell of such a conviction, for we have lately been receiving from Europe the most frequent and varied hints, assurances, and prophesies ominous to the French sovereign for the coming year. The state of things shows gloomily for Napoleon. He has roused the sleeping spirit of old Republicanism by the unwise measures taken to repress and punish the Baudin demonstration. He has tried to get up a war with Prussia on conditions favorable to himself, and he has not succeeded. Austria will have none of his ill-omened alliance. She even goes the length of reminding the world, in her official volume just published, that the clause in the Treaty of Prague relating to Schleswig-Holstein, and to which Europe has lately been looking as the possible text of a *casus belli*, was put into the treaty, not at the instance of Austria, but on the prompting of France. The war project, therefore, hangs fire. Meanwhile, the Emperor seems daily weaker in health. Some accounts go so far as to say that he is becoming less and less able to attend to the business of state, and that the Empress has more and more often to act as his representative. It is certain that the Emperor and the Empire were never less popular in France than at the present moment. To become a favorite with the public of Paris, a man has now only to satirize the sovereign and the system. The gilding of imperialism is wearing off. There are no great military triumphs to dazzle the vulgar eye with the glitter of bayonets, and to drown the voice of patriotism with the rattle of the drum. The people of Paris, for all their materialism and frivolity, cannot live forever on imperial *fêts* days and military bands in the gardens of the Tuileries, and the promise of new rows of straight white streets, with gilded railings and sparkling fountains. The Empire lives on political *prestige* and order and pleasure; and the *prestige* of France at the present hour is far less than it was four or even two years ago, while the boasted order seems, even to the dullest eyes, but a sham, and the pleasure has turned into satiety and has lost all its charms. Meanwhile the Emperor grows old, and the errors of a somewhat stormy youth leave their legacy to plague him. He has lived, one may say, many lives. Under the pressure of temperament, and ambition, and misfortune, and what he believed to be destiny, he discounted years ago much of his claim on existence; and even an emperor cannot live twice over. It is no wonder people noting these things, seeing that the glory of the imperial system has, like its representative, grown a little withered and gray and sickly of late, should begin to speculate somewhat anxiously on the prospect, and ask each other what is to come next, when this, which cannot last much longer, is at an end.

Thus far the Emperor has done little toward the founding of a dynasty. The dynasty stands represented by one small boy, whose health is not in promising condition. The Empress—who would, of course, in the event of his own approaching death, be named by the Emperor Regent of France—is certainly much more popular—at least much less unpopular—than she was three or four years ago: but she has no command whatever over the heart and brain of France. There is little or nothing in the Bonaparte family to give much hope to an imperialist. After the little Prince Imperial, comes next in order of succession the Prince Napoleon. Now there are many things in favor of Prince Napoleon. To begin with, he is a genuine Bonaparte; he carries his pedigree stamped upon his face. Many of our readers may have seen the Prince, when, during the progress of the late war, he came to America, with the son of George Sand as his secretary, and was the guest of Abraham Lincoln. Those who saw him then need not be told that his face bears a striking resemblance to that of the great Napoleon, while the present Emperor has nothing of the Bonaparte in his features. Prince Napoleon is a man of great ability and very extensive and varied acquirements. In the French Senate he is when he cares to be so, its most eloquent debater. He is a man of the most liberal and advanced opinions. He is a Democrat in the old European sense; he even professes to be personally a Republican. But somehow people do not trust him. He was too long a *mauvais sujet*, a voluptuary, an eccentric in pleasures as well as in politics. He lives a luxurious life out of the state funds of a system which he professes to detest. The world does not quite understand whether his occasional quarrels with his cousin are realities or prearranged comedies. It fails likewise to comprehend, how he can manage consistently to extend one hand for the bounty of the Empire, and the other for the friendship of the Republic. On the whole, it seems unlikely that Prince Napoleon is the man to rescue the Empire; although he, of all the Bonapartes, has most of the capacity which might do so.

Nothing can be more difficult than to form an accurate judgment of the relative strength of political parties in a country like France, where all political movements are necessarily subterranean. Each man in such a condition, seeing nothing of what others are doing, is naturally led to believe that his own little clique is the greatest and the most active of all. In a Republican *salon* one fancies himself on the eve of a Republic; in Orleanist company you are lead to look for the immediate arrival of the Count of Paris; amid the dull old dignity and fading state of the Faubourg St. Germain a credulous person may even be deluded into thinking that there is hope for the Bourbons yet. The priests will tell you that the heart of France beats only in response to the elevation of the Host and the blessing from Rome; while the good Protestant *pasteurs*, who do so much sterling work, talk with an enthusiasm which is touching under the circumstances of a France to be speedily converted from Papistry and Voltairism to Evangelical faith, and its consequences, political freedom. So far, however, no one may attempt to judge. It would seem that the most numerous party in Paris now are those who are simply anti-Bonapartean, and nothing else; that the Legitimists are beyond hope; that the Orleanists have yet a card to play, and a chance to profit by; that the devoted Bonapartеans are dwindling in numbers day by day; that the people of the large cities, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, and the rest, are for peace and commerce above all, and would rather see a change in the dynasty than a great foreign war; and that the Republican party is, for all its failures and misfortunes, the only one which has a deep national sympathy behind it and a great hope before it. "Rather Louis Blanc for president than another Bonaparte for emperor" was the declaration made in Paris lately to the writer of this article, by a Frenchman who has no inclination toward republicanism, and who actually now holds official position under the Imperial Government. The exclamation represents, we are convinced, the present feeling of many Frenchmen, to whom half a dozen years ago the thought of a republic was abhorrent and the name of a great republican a word of hate and fear.

We do not care to attach too much importance to the mere effects of the Baudin demonstration, and the consequent prosecutions. Such ebullitions are common in France. Louis Napoleon holds democracy as the man in the story has the wolf by the ears. He dares not let go; he knows he cannot always hold on. Struggles and noise are the natural phenomena of such a position. The great question is, whether the man or his supposed captive will prove the stronger in the end. There are many evidences of late which tend to show that the imperial grasp is growing less powerful than it used to be, and one of the imperative conditions of a despotic position is that the despot shall never relax his hold. If it be true, as there appears much reason to believe, that the Emperor Napoleon's health is really giving way—that his constitution is, in the vulgar phrase, breaking up—it is impossible to doubt that the whole imperial system is in uttermost peril. All the hopes of the dynasty depended on Louis Napoleon living long enough and being successful enough to see his son a grown man, strong in the affection of the nation and ready to receive the imperial crown at the appointed hour. If Louis Napoleon dies any time within the next few years, he leaves the crown to a child and the regency of a woman—a perilous ordeal even for the soundest and best of monarchical systems to endure. He is as one who has to build on the seashore between tide and tide. If he cannot see the work firmly and fully done before the waters come in, his labor is lost; all must be washed away. And now the tide is coming in fast, and the work assuredly is not done.

EARLY ENGLISH HYMNS.

A LOVE for rare and beautiful hymns is characteristic of the Christian culture of our generation. To gratify this growing taste, past ages and remote lands have given us of their treasure. The fathers of the Latin Church are to-day familiar friends in many an American household, and German hymns of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are known and loved by everybody.

Very little attention, meanwhile, has been given to the early religious poetry of our own language. A few know George Herbert, and those who really know him love him; but even he, with his fantastic notions and his artificial meters, has far less relish to many minds than a smooth translation from Paul Gerhardt or Madame Guyon. Back of Herbert, of the few religious poems that are known to us moderns, only two or three have found their way into the popular collections of hymns, and these are by no means general favorites.

But, whether we choose to work the vein or not, we ought not to be quite ignorant of the hid treasure which lies at our own door. It is well to know that there do exist in the English language—or, rather, in that confusion of tongues which prevailed in England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and afterward resulted in the English language—a few hymns which, in sweetness of spirit and in all the virtues of hymns, equal any that the Church has produced.

Known and read of a few learned men, they have lain since the early part of the fifteenth century on the shelves of one or two English cathedral libraries. Within the past three years the Early English Text Society has published specimens of these hymns, together with a quantity of miscellaneous matter of the same period, for distribution among its subscribers. They are printed in the original text, and simply as subjects of philological interest; but they can hardly fail of finding a welcome in many Christian hearts for the sake of something better which lies back of this. Illustration is better than argument, and we will introduce the reader at once to the field by an extract from one of the smoother and more intelligible of these ancient songs. Its date is about 1430, and its author is not known. It was evidently a favorite, as versions are found in the dialects of several parts of the kingdom:

"Jhesu, full swetnes, who-so myghte it se,
And thereof have a clere knowynge,
Al erthell love bittir schulde be
Save this a-loone without lesinge.*
I praie thee, Lord, that lore leere† me
Alle thi love to have longynge,
As I schuld to sothe myn herte on thee,
In thi love to have most liking.

"So ilfulge love in erthe soon is;
In soule who-so coude him sothell‡ se
Him to love were myrth inis,
For king of love is callid he,
With true love, y wolde this
To faste to him bounde be,
That myne herte were holli his,
So that no thing likid me but he."

A hymn like this throws a pleasant light on that period of English life which looks in history and in Shakespeare such a dismal picture of fruitless energy and petty but wasting conflicts. It is a comfort to think that, somewhere on the troubled little island, somebody lived and cherished in his quiet heart such sweet desires as these.

The burden, indeed, of most of these hymns is longing to be nearer to Christ, and to be led by him out of the filthiness of the flesh up into a higher and purer life, here as well as hereafter. There is, in many cases, a loving familiarity with Jesus, which reminds us of St. Bernard himself; at the same time, there is always a certain straightforwardness and practicalness, thoroughly Anglo-Saxon.

Another example will well illustrate this. It is written by one Richard de Castre, concerning whom little is known, except that he was probably not a monk, as most of these ancient hymn-writers seem to have been. Fancy may dwell at pleasure on the picture of this man—whether young or old we cannot tell; but, clearly, knowing something of the good and evil of this present world, escaping from whatever cares life brought him, and lingering fondly over the great red letters which adorn every verse of his manuscript as he pens his "Prayer to Jesus." It may be rendered intelligible to modern readers thus:

"ORATIO MAGISTRI RICHARDI DE CASTRE, QUAM IPSE FOSUIT.

"Jesu, my Lord, that madest me,
And with thy blessed blood hast bought,
Forgive what I have grieved thee,
With word, with will, and eke with thought.

"Jesu, in whom is all my trust,
Who died upon the rugged tree,
Withdraw my heart from deshly lust,
And from all worldly vanity.

"Jesu, O for thy five wounds' smart,
On side, and hands, and blest feet two,
Wilt make me meek and low of heart,
And thee to love as I should do.

"And Jesu Christ, to thee I call,
Who art a God all full of might,
O keep me clean, lest I should fall
In deadly sin, by day or night.

"Jesu, O grant me what I ask,
Perfect my patience, send me peace,
And never may I do that thing
Shall thee in any wise displease.

"Jesu, who art our Heavenly King,
Most truly God, and man also,
O give me grace of good ending,
And them that I am holden to.

"Jesu, O for the deadly tears
That thou didst shed for my soul's sin,
Hear them, and speed my piteous prayers,
And grant that heaven I may win.

"Jesu, the greatest comforter
Of thy true servants, every one,
O comfort them that careful are,
And help them that are woe-begone.

"Jesu, O keep them that are good,
Amend them that have grievèd thee,
And send them fruits of earthly food
As each one needs in his degree.

"Jesu, in whom no falsehood is,
Almighty God in Trinity,
O cease these wars, and accord us peace
With lasting love and charity.

"Jesu, who art the corner-stone
Of thy true church in all the earth,
O bring thy folds and flocks in one,
And rule them as a Shepherd good.

"Jesu, O for thy blessed blood,
Bring, if thou wilt, those souls to bliss
From whom I have had any good,
And spare what they have done amiss.
"Amen."

Will the reader weary if we offer still another specimen? It is of quite different style and of earlier date. Many versions of it exist, some of them in alternate Latin and English stanzas, and portions of it have been found inscribed on the walls of ancient churches. Though somewhat monotonous, it is certainly impressive.

"EARTH.

"Earth out of earth is wondrously wrought,
Earth takes from earth of dimity nought,
Earth upon earth hath set all his thought,
How that earth upon earth full high may be brought.

"Earth upon earth would fain be a king,
But how earth goes to earth he thinketh no thing;
When that earth biddeth earth his rents home bring,
Then shall earth from the earth have piteous parting.

"Earth upon earth buildeth castles and towers;
Then saith earth unto earth: 'Now, this is all ours';
When earth upon earth hath built up his bowers,
Then shall earth upon earth suffer sharp showers.

"Earth goeth on earth as mould upon mould,
So goes earth upon earth, all glittering in gold,
As if earth unto earth never go should;
Yet shall earth to the earth more soon than he would.

"Oh! poor earth, that on earth thus works night and day
To adorn the foul earth with wanton array!
Yet shalt thou, though thou make earth full goodly and gay,
Out of earth to the earth go, to cling to the clay.

"Out of earth came to earth his wretched adornment;
To hide earth, to bap earth, fair clothing was lent;
Now goes earth upon earth, rude, ragged, and rent;
Therefore earth under earth shall have hideous torment.

"Lo! earth upon earth, consider to-day,
How earth comes to earth but naked alway;
Why should earth on the earth ever go stout and gay,
When earth shall leave earth in so poor array?

"Would God, then, that earth would think on this thing,
How that earth out of earth shall have his last rising,
And that earth for this earth shall yield up strict reckoning;
Let not earth for this earth displease Heaven's King.

"Therefore, earth upon earth, who so wrongly hast wrought,
While thou art on the earth, turn again once thy thought,
And pray to that God who hath the earth wrought,
That thou, earth upon earth, to bliss may be brought.

"Oh! Lord, who mad'st earth, and suffered here ill,
Let not earth upon earth such mischief fulfill!
But let earth on the earth be working thy will,
So that earth from the earth may go up thy high hill!
"Amen."

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*Lying. †Learn. ‡Firmly. ||Truly.

THE REPUBLICANS IN SPAIN.

THE Republican demonstration in Spain, which for some days had been growing more and more alarming, came to a head at Cadiz during the week. An armed and apparently formidable insurrection broke out there. The provisional government tried negotiation; at first without success. Then the port was officially declared under blockade, and the government made reluctant preparations for the suppression of the insurrection by force. Later despatches, however, announce that the insurgents had reconsidered their position, and decided upon accepting the conditions offered by the government. Accordingly, after some negotiation, they laid down their arms, and quiet seems for the present to be restored. The air, however, is still thick with rumors of insurrectionary movements, and there is talk of a Carlist outbreak being in preparation. According to the suspicions of some, the republican rising has been secretly fomented and sustained by Carlist agencies; and it is possible enough that such schemes may have been at work, although it can hardly be doubted that the movement was in itself sincerely and passionately republican. The Republicans seem to have acted unwisely and rashly; their cause was gaining strength and numbers every day, and the provisional government was pledged to abide, in the end, by the decision of the popular voice. Our own sympathies are entirely with the Republicans; but they would have gained, not lost, by patience and peaceful agitation. The movements of last week have cost some hundreds of lives.

Personal.

OLIVER JOHNSON, office of THE INDEPENDENT, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for the testimonial to George Thompson, of England: Samuel J. May, Syracuse, $25; Mrs. H. W. Wilkinson, $10; a friend, $5; John A. Lee, Mendota, $1. "Oliver asks for more."

—Horace Greeley, besides contributing frequently to the columns of THE INDEPENDENT, purposes to write, during the year 1869, an elementary work on Political Economy, wherein the policy of protection to home industry will be explained and vindicated. This work will first be given to the public through successive issues of *The New York Tribune*, and will appear in all its editions—daily, semi-weekly, and weekly.

—We are astonished to learn from the Chicago *Presbyterian* that Horace Greeley is "one of the prominent deists of the country." This remarkable statement was made, of course, for the purpose of injuring THE INDEPENDENT, to which he is an honored contributor. Were he an infidel, a deist, an atheist, a pagan, that would not disqualify him from speaking to edification on a great variety of important subjects. Men could learn from him as truly as from Plutarch or Plato. But we try in vain to imagine the astonishment with which Hobbes or Spinoza would learn that the word deist had in our day so burst its old signification as to include a man who believes in the miracles and the supernatural life of Christ, and who accepts the Bible as containing a special revelation from God.

—Rev. Franklin S. Rising, a noble young man, known to a wide circle of friends, both East and West, one of the earliest graduates of what is now the College of the City of New York, an Episcopal clergyman who for a while did a brave work as a missionary in Nebraska, and who more recently has been the able secretary of the American Church Missionary Society, lost his life in the recent Ohio River disaster. Mr. Rising was one of the most faithful, laborious, and discreet men to be found in any secretaryship of the Episcopal Church. His abilities were large, his manners fine, his industry signal, and his ambition pure as the light. All who knew him well entertained for him a friendship of no uncommon kind. The intelligence of his violent and awful death will send a shock to hundreds of his old friends, and particularly to those early classmates among whom he stood without a peer. His thirty years of life were so well spent that, though he died early, he lived long. A throng of tender memories follow him, like mourners, to his unexpected grave.

—Eight bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have united in a letter to Gen. Grant, as follows:

"As our fathers congratulated Washington on his accession to the Presidency, so would we congratulate you. Interest, duty, and gratitude combined to induce the nation to call you to the Chief Magistracy. The qualities which you have displayed in the field are those which are specially demanded in the cabinet, and the glory which crowns your arms will, we trust, be succeeded by the higher glory that will crown your counsels. The principles which have triumphed in your election, executed with the calm wisdom and undeviating steadiness which have marked your military movements, must result in the restoration of the states to their proper relations, business to its proper channels, rights to all citizens, peace to all our borders, and the national honor to its proper eminence in all the markets and courts of the world. As a matter of feeling, not merely of form, we desire to express to you our determination to pray for your health, happiness, success, and salvation, and our hope that your spirit and example, both in public and private, may evince the faith of a Christian. From your lofty eminence a holy life may be felt with power to the remotest extremities of the land, and through all the ages to come. Trusting that from the hour of your inauguration justice will everywhere through the land secure quiet, call forth capital, stimulate industry, energy, and invention, and that the nation will steadily rise to a higher, nobler, more Christian civilization, we are, sir, your obedient servants."

—Who would have thought it? Even "Warrington" himself is growing old. That sprightly pen, which plays so dextrously round all kinds of newspaper topics, found itself the other day in the hands of a man who had reached his fiftieth year. The idea that a newspaper writer may at fifty still retain the jubilant youth of the *Springfield Republican's* Boston correspondent is refreshing to all youngsters of the quill. "Warrington" shows that pen and ink do not tend to make a man old before his time. Indeed, this well-preserved old gentleman would disdain the imputation of being old at all. Still, we believe he is not a member of any Young Men's Christian Association. His half-century birthday was duly honored at the residence of Mr. Frank Bird, in Boston, where, among the incidents of the evening, a presentation was made to the patriarch of a thousand-dollar bond, which the infirmities of age rendered him too weak to refuse. Warrington's wit, sense, political experience, and great knowledge of men and things make him one of the most brilliant political writers of the day. And, if it were not at the risk of implying that there are any living and breathing American citizens who do not already know his true name, we would add that he writes his private letters over the signature of William S. Robinson—to whom we wish health, happiness, and long life.

—Late English papers contain obituary notices of the late George Virtue, founder of the publishing house of Virtue & Co., who recently died in London at an advanced age. He was the originator, or at least a very successful projector, of the now very common practice of publishing costly illustrated works in monthly parts by subscriptions. Among the works so published about thirty years ago was one illustrative of American subjects, the drawings being by W. H. Bartlett and the letter-press by N. P. Willis. Some years after the publication of this work, Mr. Willis, having failed in some newspaper undertaking in New York, and being compelled to sell his Glenmary estate, consisting in good part of song-birds and sunsets, bethought him that a promised dowry to his wife had never been paid by her father, a gentleman of some property living near London. So he packed up his portables, and, taking his wife and child, set out for London in a sailing packet. The voyage was a long one, and, on his arrival, he had the unhappiness of learning that his father-in-law had been dead nearly a month, and that his estate was in chancery, with no chance of a settlement in many years. It was a terrible blow to poor Willis, for, after paying for the carriage hire to a hotel, he had but a shilling left in his pocket, and he knew of no friend upon whom he could call for immediate assistance. Having engaged rooms for his wife and child, he left the hotel, not knowing exactly where to go nor what to do, but having a rather uncomfortable feeling that his only means of relief lay in jumping into the Thames from the parapet of London Bridge. But, as he sauntered along, his eyes happily lighted upon the signboard of George Virtue, and he walked in to let his old friend know he was in London. The moment he entered the publisher caught sight of him, and, seizing him by the hand, exclaimed: "You are just the man I want." Mr. Virtue then proceeded to say that he had just completed an arrangement with Bartlett for a series of illustrations of Irish scenery, and would be happy if the author of "Pencillings by the Way" could enter into an engagement to go over to Ireland with the artist and make his notes to enable him to furnish the descriptive letter-press. Of course, there was not the slightest difficulty in completing the necessary arrangements; and the happy author, instead of jumping into the Thames, went back to his wife with a check for five hundred pounds sterling in his pocket, which had been voluntarily paid to him in advance by the liberal publisher. We are not aware of this incident having ever before been put in print. We have given it precisely as it was narrated to us by Mr. Willis a year or two before his death.

Editorial Notes.

In answer to inquiries, it may be stated that the sketches of Live Americans, which have attracted some attention in our columns, are by a variety of hands. It is sufficiently obvious, however, that the writers are themselves live Americans in all cases.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of South Boston, Mass.—a place where THE INDEPENDENT circulates pretty largely—will hold a fair in Sumner Hall, on Forefathers' Day, and the two days following. They have sent us an advance copy of their paper, *The Meteor*, which will be sold at the fair. Its contents are marked at once by an earnest spirit of piety and a fine literary taste, while in typographical appearance it is superb.

—The New York Tract Society has at last issued a circular defending its course in the discreditable mercantile imbroglio between the two tract societies. This paper certainly tells a very fair story, although we have little interest in either side. The sooner publishing societies as such drop their mercantile business the sooner will they commend the unsuspicious respect of the Christian public in their missionary work; or, if the suspension of their trade is a suspension of their vital functions, then the churches will gladly give them a decent burial.

—Rev. Newman Hall's article "On the Relation of Husbands and Wives," on the first page, will be read with the respect due to that eminent preacher. As to the teachings of Paul upon that subject, however, many orthodox Christians hold that, in some respects, they are not as applicable to the state of society now as to that which existed at the time he wrote. The Scripture argument against woman's civil, social, and political rights is precisely like that against republicanism, from the text "honor the king."

—Mr. Jefferson Davis was described by Mr. Gladstone, in a certain memorable speech, as a man who had made an army, a navy, and a nation. The description proved incorrect. He made neither army, navy, nor nation. He has made something at last. But he has made a suggestion that Englishmen should explore Jerusalem. He delivered a lecture lately at Leamington, in England, the object of which was to show that Englishmen were just the persons to explore Jerusalem. He does not propose to explore Jerusalem himself, but he thinks Englishmen ought to do it. They are, in fact, doing it; so Mr. Davis's advice is superfluous. His lecture was not needed. Still, we are glad to find him innocently employed. Lecturing is perhaps his true vocation, and we can only lament that he did not find it out long ago. If only he had always been content with delivering unnecessary lectures! If he had not gone through Jerusalem by such a *Via Dolorosa* as secession! If, in going down to Jericho, he had not fallen among thieves! Lambert Simnel, after trying to be a prince, ended by being a scullion. Jefferson Davis, after striving hard to be a dictator, finishes by becoming a lecturer. What trouble might have been saved if both had discovered their true calling in time, and always turned the harmless spit or spouted the innocent lecture.

—Mr. George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, has addressed a letter to the *London Daily News* to correct the erroneous and absurd impressions which the speeches of Mr. Reverdy Johnson have created in England on the subject of the Alabama claims. Mr. Reverdy Johnson has stated that the whole question was settled; that he had power to settle it, and that the thing was done; and he poured out a good deal of that bland and oily eloquence, the kind of thing which Carlyle calls "universal patent treacle"—which he has lately been so liberally bestowing on the English public. The English public seem to have swallowed the sweet stuff, and actually believed that the whole Alabama question was settled, and settled by Reverdy Johnson. Mr. Smalley writes a manly and vigorous letter for the purpose of leading the British Philistines out of this fools' paradise. He shows, first, that Mr. Johnson has no power to settle anything, and that no convention made by him is worth a straw unless ratified by the State Department and Executive at Washington, and by the United States Senate. He shows, next, that the settlement Mr. Johnson talks of is actually a complete surrender on our part of a principle to which we have always held throughout the controversy, and which

Publisher's Department.

OUR PROSPERITY.

Our cash receipts for subscriptions (not advertising, which by the way is nearly fifty per cent. larger than ever before) for the first fifteen days in December, 1868, were nearly *one hundred per cent.* greater than the corresponding period in 1867. The whole business of THE INDEPENDENT was never so good as at the present time, and its prospects for the future are as brilliant as our best friends could desire.

ADVERTISING.

We publish this week a greater amount of advertising by far (we mean in actual cash value) than ever appeared in any one issue of *any journal in America.* The crowd is beyond all precedent. Had we that space, we could easily print ten columns more, and are all from our best business firms and corporations. Comment is unnecessary.

STEINWAY PIANOS.

We refer our musical readers—especially those to whom any progress in the art of perfecting the Piano as an instrument is a matter of interest'—to an important article descriptive of new and most valuable improvements, especially in the Boudoir or Upright Piano, which appears in another portion of our paper, which will amply repay attentive perusal.

A PROCLAMATION, by Messrs. Orange Judd & Co., is given in our advertising columns. These gentlemen usually adopt some novel way of drawing attention to their business announcements. Their valuable journal is a novelty itself, in the large amount of useful information, and of beautiful instructive engravings it furnishes for a very little money. The "proclamation" in part explains how this is done. No one subscribing for the *American Agriculturist* can fail to be pleased and greatly benefited by it, and *now* is a good time to begin.

IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT IN

UPRIGHT PIANOS—STEINWAY & SONS.

(From the New York Tribune, Dec. 7, 1868.)

Ears in piano-forte manufacture are now marked by months instead of years, improvement treading on the heel of improvement. We deem it our editorial duty to keep our readers informed of every important improvement in the musical world, and the latest invention of Steinway & Sons is of such novelty and value that we gladly record the result of our examination.

The first point of importance was the introduction of the double iron frame, which is the vital strength of the fabric, and sustains the whole strain of the strings, imparting a capacity of standing in tune, hitherto unknown, to such an extraordinary degree rarely met with even in the best Grand and Square Pianos. Between the front and back iron frame, the sounding-board is inserted and supported by a simple apparatus (Patent Resonator) compressing the sounding-board, which, while isolating it from the iron frame, regulates the tension of the sounding-board with the greatest nicety, giving full play to its increased vibration, and placing it forever under control. For this important improvement letters-patent were granted to William Steinway, June 5, 1866; and the result is a wonderfully increased power and purity of tone through the entire scale of the instrument, placing them above the best square pianos in refinement, sympathy, and volume of tone, and almost equal to the grands in point of power.

The extraordinary success of the Patent Resonator in upright pianos caused Messrs. Steinway to apply the improvement to their grand pianos, with equally happy results.

At the Paris Exposition, in 1867, these newly improved Grand and Upright Pianos caused the greatest wonder and excitement in musical circles; and, as will be remembered, Messrs Steinway were awarded the first of the Grand Gold Medals of Honor. It may not be out of place to quote the language of the Official Report of the International Jury (published by the Imperial Commission a few months since), in comparing the relative merits of the pianos of the two great American exhibitors:

> "*The pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons are equally endowed with the splendid sonority of their competitor; they also possess that seizing largeness and volume of tone, hitherto unknown, which fills the greatest space. Brilliant in the treble, singing in the middle, and formidable in the bass, this sonority acts with irresistible power on the organs of hearing. In regard to expression, delicate shading, variety of accentuation, the instruments of Messrs. Steinway have over those of their American competitor an advantage which cannot be contested. The blow of the hammer is heard much less, and the pianist feels under his hands an action pliant and easy, which permits him at will to be powerful or light, vehement, and graceful. These pianos are at the same time the instrument of the virtuoso who wishes to astonish by the éclat of his execution, and of the artist who applies his talent to the music of thought and sentiment, bequeathed to us by the illustrious masters; in one word, they are, at the same time, the pianos for the concert-room and the parlor, possessing an unexceptional sonority.*"

But to return to the very latest improvement which Messrs. Steinway have introduced in their upright pianos, viz.: their "Patent Tubular Metallic Action Frame," for which letters-patent were granted to Theodore Steinway, in July of this year. The result of this invention is the perfecting of an action of such mathematical precision that it can be placed in any upright piano of the same style made by this firm, working as perfectly as if it had been specially made for it. In fact, the actions can be changed from one to another, or, in case of an accident to one of them in any part of the world, a perfect action can at once be forwarded to supply its place, the whole machinery of inserting the action being the placing of it in four metal sockets, and turning the four screws which secure the action directly to the iron frame—all of which a child could do with ease and safety. The action is as compact and unchangeable as the iron frame itself; for where in other instruments the whole mechanism rests upon wooden bars, which are liable to atmospheric influences, this is sustained by hollowed brass tubes, filled with wood, which are of immense strength and cannot be injured or affected. The compact solidity of the construction produces a corresponding firmness and precision in the action itself, together with rare promptness of the dampers, placing at the disposal of the player an action in every respect equal to that of the best concert grand.

We deem these most important improvements well worthy of general examination; for the results obtained in increased volume and purity of tone, efficacy of action, and unexampled durability are truly surprising. We do not wonder, therefore, to learn that the demand for these Upright Pianos is far beyond the most sanguine expectations, and the capacity of Messrs. Steinway to supply. Too much cannot be said in favor of these instruments—in fact, they must be heard and seen to be appreciated.

In conclusion, we find that the Report of the Jury of the Paris Exhibition is fully sustained by the scientific bodies of Europe, the Royal Academies of Berlin, Prussia, and Stockholm, Sweden, having created two of the brothers, Theodore and William Steinway, Honorary Members, for their valuable inventions and numerous improvements.

THE GALAXY.

It turns out that it is the publishers of THE GALAXY who have secured that greatest of the year's literary prizes—the new serial story by CHARLES READE, for which the popular author, it is said, is to receive fifty thousand dollars, from them and from his English publishers. The new story will be commenced early in the year. THE GALAXY has also purchased the advanced sheets of the new story by Mrs. EDWARDS, the author of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," and "Archie Lovell," two of the most successful of recent novels. This attractive serial will be commenced in the January number. With these two authors among its stars, THE GALAXY promises to shine brilliantly during the coming year. But it by no means stops with them. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, whose scholarly articles on "Words and their Uses" have been doing so much for good English, is to contribute to the volume for 1869 a series of papers on "Americanisms." Dr. W. A. HAMMOND, the leading American authority on diseases of the mind and nerves, and an able writer, is to furnish some papers in his important specialty. EUGENE BENSON, who is gaining a wide reputation as a brilliant essayist, is to analyze, in a series of articles, the characteristics of the leading Journalists of New York—Greeley, Raymond, Parke Godwin, W. W. Hurlbut, and others. Another noticeable series of articles will be criticisms upon the principal living American authors. Taking THE GALAXY'S prospectus for 1869, altogether, it offers one of the most tempting bills of fare to magazine readers ever set before an American public. The January number of THE GALAXY will probably be the largest American monthly ever issued. It will have a supplement, embracing in all 160 pages of choice reading-matter. It will have articles from Wm. Cullen Bryant, Miss E. D. Procter, and our new Mayor, A. Oakey Hall. We offer THE GALAXY as one of our premiums. If any of our readers who desire to embrace the offer have never seen this new and elegant magazine, we will cause a copy of the January number to be sent to them, on receipt simply of the postage, 4 cents. The price of THE GALAXY is 35 cents each number, or $4 per year.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it.* Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing.*

The Independent.

PREMIUMS.

Subject in every respect to TERMS on First Page.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
HARPER'S MONTHLY.
THE GALAXY.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
HARPER'S WEEKLY BAZAR.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT and either of the above publications one year to any person (not already a subscriber to the publication chosen) who will send us $3 50; or we will send either of the publications one year to any person (not already a subscriber to the publication chosen) who will send us the names of three *new* yearly subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT and *The American Agriculturist* each one year to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send *The American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT and the above publication one year to any person who will send us $3; or we will send the above publication one year to any person who will send us the name of one *new* yearly subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

NATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER OF CHICAGO.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT and the above publication one year to any person who will send us $3; or we will send the above publication one year to any person who will send us the name of one *new* yearly subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

CARPENTER'S BOOK.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and Carpenter's Book—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send Carpenter's Book as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

WORCESTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY.

We will present this magnificent dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT and fifteen dollars.

HOWE SEWING MACHINE.

We will send this machine—price $30—to any person who will send us the names of twenty-four new subscribers for one year. It will be packed and shipped by express or otherwise as directed.

We will also give the sewing machine on payment of one subscription 24 years in advance, or two subscriptions 12 years in advance, or three subscriptions 8 years in advance.

NOTICES.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

CHRISTMAS DAY is at hand. The Day of "good will" to all classes and conditions of men. The prosperous will meet at bountiful tables, and join reports of families reunite, and the children above all have their merriest holidays. Will the fortunate remember the unfortunate in this season of joy? Outside of comfortable homes, in dark lanes and alley-ways, in garrets and cellars, on docks and in market-places of this city, are now thousands of homeless, half-starved, ill-clothed, uncared-for children, shivering barefooted in snow and wet, growing up in ignorance and crime, to be the marauders of the city, or burdens to all.

The CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY is especially the guardian of this class—the poor children of New York. It desires, in this Christmas season, to make at least one happy day for these young victims of misfortune and poverty. In its five Lodging Houses for boys and girls are sheltered, partly fed and clothed, during the year, about 10,000 different boys, and 12,000 in all; the number of meals provided in 1867—1868 151,448, and of lodgings 107,790. Of the boys over 7,000 were orphans.

In its twenty Industrial Schools were 5,000 different children during the year; about 287,000 meals were given, and over 6,500 garments: some $8,000 were spent for bread.

During the past year 2,286 persons, mostly children, were provided with homes and employment in the country.

We desire to provide a good Christmas dinner for this great multitude of children (and let it be remembered that our News-Boys lost their Thanksgiving dinner through the neglect of their patrons). We wish to put warm clothes and shoes on great numbers, and to provide a Home for a large Christmas party of homeless children in the West.

The cost of a Home we reckon at $20. Who will help a child of the streets to a permanent place and work in the West?

THE PRESSING NEED OF AID.

But we feel it necessary to ask here from the public for some more permanent assistance than the gifts for Christmas.

Our work has increased beyond our means: and the "NEWS-BOYS BUILDING FUND" has probably withdrawn some of our largest subscriptions from the current work of the Society. Unless generous donations are made, we shall be obliged to close some of our Lodging Houses in this inclement season, and suspend or limit our parties to the West.

Such a limitation to our work would be most injurious to these unfortunate children, and would let loose on society great numbers of boys who would become thieves, vagabonds, and criminals.

The Trustees of this Society have never appealed, during the sixteen years of its existence, in vain for aid from the public: and they have sufficient confidence in the humanity and religion of the community to believe that the work will not now be suffered to be contracted.

All gifts of clothing and food may be sent to the Central Office, No. 8 East Fourth street. Old clothing will be sent for. Money or checks can be sent to this Office, or to the undersigned:

HOWARD POTTER, *Pres't pro tem.*, 59 Wall st.:
JOHN E. WILLIAMS, Treas. Metropolitan National Bank: or to
C. L. BRACE, Sec'y, 8 East Fourth st., New York.

MARRIED.

MUNSON—BETTINGER.—On the 3d inst., in the Seventh-street Presbyterian church, Washington City, D. C., by the Rev. B. F. Bittinger, D. O. Munson, of Virginia, to Ruhamah, youngest daughter of John Bittinger, Esq., of Shadeland, Virginia.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish
Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us: and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
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COMMUNION SERVICES.

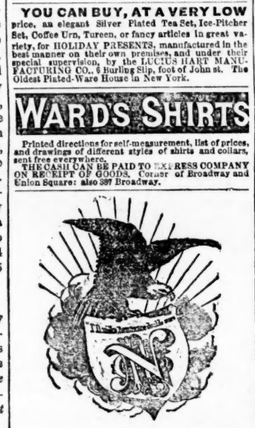
In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, PRICE & CO.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

YOU CAN BUY, AT A VERY LOW price, an elegant Silver Plated Tea Set, Ice-Pitcher Set, Coffee Urn, Tureen, or fancy articles in great variety, for HOLIDAY PRESENTS, manufactured in the best manner on their own premises, and under their special supervision, by the LUCIUS HART MANUFACTURING CO., 3 Burling Slip, foot of John st. The Oldest Plated-Ware House in New York.

WARD'S SHIRTS

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars, sent free to any address.
THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY OR RECEIPT OF GOODS. Corner of Broadway and Union Square; also 397 Broadway.



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
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Cash Capital - - - $1,000,000,
PAID IN FULL.

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To which all general correspondence should be addressed.

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JAY COOKE, Chair'n of Finance and Executive Com.
HENRY D. COOKE, Vice-President.
EMERSON W. PEET, Secretary and Actuary.

THE ADVANTAGES
Offered by this Company are:

IT IS A NATIONAL COMPANY, CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, 1868.
IT HAS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF $1,000,000.
IT OFFERS LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.
IT FURNISHES LARGER INSURANCE THAN OTHER COMPANIES FOR THE SAME MONEY.
IT IS DEFINITE AND CERTAIN IN ITS TERMS.
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ITS POLICIES ARE EXEMPT FROM ATTACHMENT.
THERE ARE NO UNNECESSARY RESTRICTIONS IN THE POLICIES.
EVERY POLICY IS NON-FORFEITABLE.
POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN THAT WILL PAY INSURED THEIR FULL AMOUNT AND RETURN ALL THE PREMIUMS, SO THAT THE INSURANCE COSTS ONLY THE INTEREST ON THE ANNUAL PAYMENTS.
POLICIES MAY BE TAKEN WHICH PAY TO THE INSURED, AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF YEARS, DURING LIFE, AN ANNUAL INCOME OF ONE-TENTH THE AMOUNT NAMED IN THE POLICY.
NO EXTRA RATE IS CHARGED FOR RISKS UPON THE LIVES OF FEMALES.
IT INSURES NOT TO PAY DIVIDENDS TO POLICY HOLDERS, BUT AT SO LOW A COST THAT DIVIDENDS WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE.

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J. ALDER ELLIS & CO., Chicago, for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa.
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S. A. KEAN & CO., Detroit, Mich., for Michigan and Northern Indiana.
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JOHNSTON BROTHERS & CO., Baltimore, for Maryland.
NEW ENGLAND GENERAL AGENCY,
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
E. A. ROLLINS and W. E. CHANDLER, } of the Board of Directors.
J. P. TUCKER, MANAGER,
No. 3 Merchants' Exchange, State st., Boston.

LOCAL AGENTS ARE WANTED in every City and Town; and applications from competent parties for such agencies, with suitable endorsement, should be addressed to THE COMPANY'S GENERAL AGENTS ONLY, in their respective districts.

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W. T. Hatch & Son,
Bankers and Dealers
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BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES.
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Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.
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Book Table.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE holiday season brings us its usual armful of illustrated books. Judged by a high standard, book illustrations are a secondary and unimportant branch of art. Nevertheless, a good book well illustrated carries into one's house an instructive picture-gallery. In fact, the pictures in one's books are oftentimes not only the best but the only pictures in one's house. Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" (that delightful poem which Gen. Wolfe, when on his way to death, said he would rather have written than be conqueror of Quebec) has been illustrated a hundred times. This season's edition (Scribner, Welford & Co.) has sixteen highly-colored lithographs, giving the effect of chromos—the best of which is "Yonder ivy-mantled tower." Effects of moonlight are less poorly rendered by this process than are any other aspects of Nature. "Kathrina," Dr. Holland's poem, (issued by the same house), is plentifully sprinkled with wood-cuts large and small, which may possibly have been well engraved but are rather poorly printed. Hennessy and C. C. Griswold divided between them the task of reading the poem and furnishing the designs. "The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship," selected and arranged by John Williamson Palmer (Ticknor & Fields), contains ten beautiful little vignettes, done in the best style of the National Bank Note Company of New York. "Mischievous John," from designs by Frölich (published by Roberts Brothers, Boston), will please the children, if not the critics; and the same may be said of "Boasting Hector" and "Foolish Joe" from the same designer and publisher. Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," a neat little edition with large type, tinted paper, and a red line round each page, is illustrated by Hennessy whose designs (both here and elsewhere) seem a good deal more sentimental than the case generally requires. "Miss Lily's Voyage Round the World, Planned by Four Adventurers," translated from the French and illustrated by Frölich (published by Roberts Brothers, Boston), abounds in just such illustrations as children enjoy; for, generally speaking, children care little for landscapes in comparison with human figures in action; and these pictures show a company of boys and girls in a great variety of interesting adventures by sea and land. "The Bird," by Jules Michelet, with 210 illustrations by Giacomelli, published in London by Nelson & Sons, has already been noticed in these columns from a literary point of view; and we now mention it anew for the sake of saying that its illustrations are admirable specimens of wood-cut engravings—much better than one ordinarily meets even in costlier books. "The Little Passion," by Albert Durer, reproduced in *fac simile*, edited by William C. Prime, and published by J. W. Bouton, New York, is a book full of great interest to all who revere the memory of one of the world's great men—one who, if he had spent twenty years in Italy, would have stood in all coming time by the side of Raphael, Angelo, and Titian. But Albert Durer—in spite of all the German grotesqueness for which the Italians substituted a serious majesty, and in spite of all that German hardness which they softened into a melting grace—was one of the very few men who may be said to have helped the whole world forward in art. Mr. Prime, the genial and accomplished editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, beautifully diversifies his journalistic labors with an occasional contribution to the the book-table of the holiday season. "Scotia's Bards," an old book which will bear republication many times, since it is a choice collection of the most popular poems of Scotch authors, contains hardly enough illustrations to entitle it to the name of an illustrated book: but it needs none. "The Flower of Liberty," edited and illustrated by Julia A. M. Furbish, and published by Benjamin B. Russell, of Boston, furnishes the text of about fifty war-poems by American writers, illuminated with colored lithographs, most of which consist in ingenious variations of our national emblems. For instance, here is a flag and there a liberty bell, here a cannon and there an eagle, here a pillar and there an anchor. We are free to say that, while this kind of illustration is not without its uses, yet we are glad to notice, year by year, a gradual abandonment of this once prevalent symbolic style. One of these designs is a huge shell floating on the sea like a boat, filled with American flags, battle-axes, and spears, and surmounted by an eagle whose lifted wings seem to be acting as sails. We respectfully submit that such a picture is entirely unmeaning—or, if not, that it ought to be. Still, our criticism is not meant to fall on Miss Furbish herself, so much as on the thin and vapid symbolism which she, like many other clever persons, has chosen to employ as the artistic language with which she addresses the eye of the public. The more she pursues her calling, the more she will find that one genuine touch of nature is worth a whole volume of conventionalities.

ROBERT BROWNING'S NEW POEM.*

THE first volume of Mr. Browning's new experiment lies before us. The experiment is the publication of a poem in separate volumes; and it is, after all, but the revival of an old fashion, for Byron's Childe Harold appeared in separate cantos, with long intervals between each, and such a method of publication was not in Byron's day reckoned unusual. Still there is enough of novelty in it at the present time to make people curious about its probable success, quite independently of their interest in the merit of the poem itself. Let us say at once that we feel convinced this form of publication will prove a decided success in Mr. Browning's case; and that the reading of the first volume will but sharpen public curiosity to get the second. The structure of the poem is admirably arranged for such a division, and the first volume breaks off at a marked and memorable passage of the romance.

For this poem, *The Ring and the Book*, is strictly a romance. Only the fact that it is cast in rhythmical form distinguishes it from any of the books which we commonly describe as romances—from *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Romola*, or *Consuelo*, or *The Blithedale Romance*, or *Vittoria Accorombona*. More than that, there is, despite its blank verse, a hard, stern plainness about *The Ring and the Book* which sometimes all but makes one forget that it comes within the bright and ethereal domain of poetry. Judged by Lessing's famous canon of art—that art's proper business is to delight—this poem must, thus far at least, be pronounced a failure. It is a painful, bitter story, told in stern, unloving verse, with hardly one sensation of sweetness, hardly a spray of song anywhere about it. It is a story of misery and meanness, and sin and hideous crime. Mr. Browning forecasts the whole tale for us in a few lines of one of the opening pages, which may serve as the old-fashioned "Argument" did at the beginning of some classic poem. The scene is laid in Rome, at the close of the 17th century.

> "Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
> Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
> Lean, sallow, low of stature yet robust,
> Fifty years old—having four years ago
> Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
> Scarce beautiful, at Rome where she was born,
> And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
> Unhappy lives, whatever cause the cause—
> Went, Rings and The Book. By Robert Browning. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

> This husband, taking four accomplices,
> Followed this wife to Rome—where she was fled
> From their Arezzo to find peace again,
> In convent eight months earlier of a priest,
> Arcisa also, of still nobler birth,
> Giuseppe Capponacchi—and caught her there,
> Quiet in a villa, on a Christmas night,
> With only Pietro and Violante by,
> Both her putative parents: killed the three,
> Aged they severally each, and she seventeen."

Thus simply, nakedly Mr. Browning reveals the plot of his poem to begin with. An Aretine noble, poor, elderly, and unlovely, marries a pretty Roman damsel of seventeen. The customary sort of life follows. Quarrels with the girl, quarrels and hates with her supposed parents—the young wife flies to Rome, aided and accompanied in her flight by a brilliant young Canon of high family. They are captured; a scandalous lawsuit takes place; the Canon is sent into a temporary and easy banishment, the fugitive wife to a convent. The wife escapes from the convent, and flies to her putative parents at Rome. The husband, believing that while there she is visited by the Canon, pursues her, obtains admission by a stratagem, kills the old people, and stabs his wife so that she is left for dead. The husband and the Canon are alike put on their defense; and, when the latter has done his pleading, the poem breaks off for the present. Of all this the reader does not actually see anything. The poem opens with the exposure of the bodies of the two old people in a church. There we hear, from Roman gossip, this side and that, the several conjectures and explanations which are to guide us in forming a judgment as to the causes of the crime: we hear the husband tell his story, and the Canon plead his cause; and for the rest we must await the coming of the second volume.

Told in this sort of way, the tale would doubtless seem only too familiar, commonplace, and threadbare. Another version, it may be thought, of Francesca of Rimini's pathetic story; another turn of Cervantes and his Curious Impertinent; a chapter of Boccaccio made tragic, and dashed with what Swinburne would call "a savor of blood"—a new Parisina—the elderly husband, the young wife, the young lover—just the old, sad, shocking tale which La Fontaine makes merry over, and at which Dante shudders and swoons. We can assure our readers that *The Ring and the Book* is nothing of the kind. It is a mystery; a puzzle of jurisprudence; a psychological enigma; a deep, profound, painful study of character. Out of his old material Mr. Browning has constructed something quite new. We cannot give it our cordial admiration; we rank it but low in point of mere poetic beauty, when compared with the poems of other masters; but neither in plot, structure, nor language is there anything to be branded with the stigma commonplace. If any poem of our day may be called original, this surely deserves the name. It is only when the facts of the story are all told that the work of the poet begins. Then he seizes the reader, and "holds him by his glittering eye." Was this Pompilia, this fugitive wife, really sinful; or was she not rather the most sinless, pure, and deeply-wronged of women? This young Canon—was he a [illegible] and reckless profligate; or a heroic [illegible] saint, a sort of compound of King Arthur and Ignatius Loyola, in the better days of the latter? The husband—was he wronged; or the most base, wily, and cruel of wrongers? This is the problem Mr. Browning presents to his readers; and the artistic subtlety of the book consists in the fact that the bare narration of events is capable of explanation either way; and we are left, therefore, to a study of character to decide the question for us. There are the two men: their stories hardly differ as to fact, yet lead to conclusions absolutely different. Listen to their words; look so far as you can into their souls, and find out the truth. You have heard already the voices of Roman gossip—this crowd saying one thing broadly; that another; while a third and intermediate party, blessed with a trifle more of the judicial faculty, finds a little of fault with both, makes easy allowance for human weakness, is not much surprised at anything, and takes what we of to-day would probably call Polite Society's view of the whole business. That is what Rome says. There stands the husband, there the priest, both eloquent with the eloquence of pathos and passion, and apparently of deep sincerity and a stern sense of wrong. Find out the truth. So far this is the poem.

We cannot, perhaps, help saying a little to prejudice our readers. Anything more eloquent, more pathetic, more simply earnest, more seemingly inspired with the soul of truth and nobleness and sacred sorrow, than the young Canon's pleading we hardly know in literature. This defense of his is the beauty and the glory of the whole long poem. It shines with a sublime scorn of all falsehood and all impurity; it seems to defy misconstruction even from the most ignoble.

> "Why, had there been in me the touch of taint,
> I had plotted as much or Scarez' policy
> As hide it—keep one hand pressed on the place
> Suspected of a spot would damn us both,
> Or no—not her? not even if any of you
> Dares think that I, in the face of death, her death
> That's in my eyes and ears and brain and heart,
> Lie—if he does, let him! I mean to say,
> So he stop there, stay thought from snatching her,
> The snow-white soul that angels fear to take
> Untenderly. But all the same I know . . .
> I too am tasteless, and I bare my breast."

Simple and exquisite is his description of the first time he saw Pompilia:

> "When I saw enter, stand and seat herself,
> A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange, and sad.
> It was as when in our cathedral once,
> As I put *zucchini* bear a burden up,
> Base it on the high altar, break away
> A board or two, and leave the thing inside,
> Lo, fly and loose and soar, and lo! when next I looked,
> There was the Rafael!"

So far, and no more, shall we hint our opinion of the solution of the mystery. There are complications and, as we think, excrescences in the story which we have not believed it necessary to allude to in this short review. The interest of the reader is wholly fixed on the three principal personages, and the marvelous skill and subtlety with which they are presented under different lights, according to the point of view from which he regards them. As a study of human nature, this book may rank with the best of Mr. Browning's. It is free from most of his familiar faults, his strange obscurities, and inexcusable word-contortions. It has some at least of the lofty, penetrating thought, the occasional delicacy and touching tenderness, which belong to his greatest poems. It exposes, as no modern poet but Browning has ever done, all that there is of meanness, vulgarity, cynicism, and sensuousness in degenerate priestcraft. But we feel compelled to say that the poem is too painful, too grim, too unlovely (we can think of no better phrase) to rank among the highest products of art. There are passages which one is sorry to have to characterize as coarse. There are whole pages which can hardly be called anything short of revolting. The faults of the poem are great; its subject is itself a fault. One rises from it with a painful impression; and we hold, with an eminent English poet and critic, that a book which leaves such an impression behind it is not in the highest sense a true work of art.

—*Among the Hills* is the title of the new volume of Whittier's poems just published by Fields & Osgood. The principal poem in the little volume is one of which a portion, the germ we may say, appeared not long since in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but which, in its present shape, has symmetrically and beautifully outgrown its embryo. It is a true, manly, tender love-story, happy and bright in its tone; as exquisite a little idyll as the modern world can hope to read. Thus has Whittier described his heroine:

> "Her presence lends its warmth and health
> To all who come before it.
> If woman lost or stolen, such
> As she alone restores it.
>
> "For larger life and wiser aims
> The farmer is her debtor:
> Who holds to his another's heart
> Must needs be worse or better.
>
> "Through her his civic service shows
> A purer-toned ambition;
> No double consciousness divides
> The man and politician.
>
> "In party's doubtful ways he trusts
> Her instincts to determine;
> At the lone polls the thought of her
> Recalls Christ's Mountain Sermon.
> * * * * * * *
> "And if the husband or the wife
> In home's strong light discovers
> Such slight defaults as failed to meet
> The blinded eyes of lovers, —
>
> "Why need we care to ask? who dreams
> Without their thorns of roses
> Or wine that the tricksy sea
> The readiest spark discloses?
>
> "For still in mutual sufferance lies
> The secret of true living:
> Love scarce is love that never knows
> The sweetness of forgiving."

All the poems in the volume are beautiful—this, the principal one, however, surpassing the rest. There is a prelude, in blank verse, to the story, which for quiet, simple, idyllic picturesqueness and charm may remind one of passages in Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*.

—*Bible Lands* is the name of a volume of travels through Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, by the Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D. It is published by Clarke & Co., of Chicago. There is nothing new or striking in the descriptions or in the reflections of the author; but the book is written with good taste and good feeling, and will doubtless find readers.

—*The Life of John Carter*, by Frederick T. Mills (Hurd & Houghton), is the story of a life so remarkable in one sense that perhaps its like is not to be told of any other being. Any of our readers who may have visited the Museum at Antwerp will remember the painter who, born without hands, is always at work there making, by means of a brush which he holds with his toes, the most excellent copies of the master-pieces which hang on the walls. But John Carter, the English artist, is a far more remarkable instance of the triumph of intellect over physical difficulties. John Carter, deprived of the use of body and limbs by a fall which injured his spine, practiced drawing by means of a pencil which he holds between his lips; and he has become a successful, we might almost say a great, artist. His story is already well known to many Americans. It is told here simply and forcibly by one who appreciates the man, his trials and his triumph; and the little book is a study which we can conscientiously recommend to all who feel any interest in knowing what patience and a stout heart can do when joined with intellect and faith.

—*About Woman, Love, and Marriage*, by F. Saunders (Carleton), is almost sufficiently described by its title. It is just a series of harmless essays on our duty to woman and woman's duty to us, with quotations more or less appropriate; the opinion of *London Society* and of the *Edinburgh Review* being cited as if of exactly equal value; and the *Author of the Gentle Life* being referred to as an authority on the same page with John Stuart Mill. We cannot say that we see any particular value in the book.

—*The Indian Fairy Book*, (Allen Brothers, New York), is a well illustrated collection of the Indian tales and legends originally interpreted by the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, and now rearranged by the present editor, Mr. Cornelius Mathews, in the hope that they may take their place with the *Arabian Nights* and the famous nursery legends of Europe. The little book is full of interest.

—*Scripture Pictures in Oil Colors* is a series of scenes from the Old Testament, printed by Kronheim, of London, and issued by the Religious Tract Society. The illustrations are all tolerably good; but there is not much in them to delight an artist.

—*Fallen Pride*, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, (Peterson, Philadelphia), is a highfalutin piece of romance, full of extravagant incidents and impossible people.

—*Rebecca; or, A Woman's Secret*, by Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin, (Clarke & Co., Chicago), is better in style and much better in purpose, than the novel we have just mentioned. *Rebecca* is, in fact, a woman's vindication of woman's rightful place. It is hardly to be criticised as a story, although even as such it has some merit.

—*Constance Aylmer*, by H. F. P., (Scribner & Co., New York), is a rather pretty little tale of American life in the seventeenth century, before the name of New Amsterdam had been changed, and when Lord Protector Cromwell ruled in England.

—*The Wickedest Woman in New York* is the title of an amusing little "squib," by C. H. Webb, author of *Liffith Lank*. The wickedest woman is, of course, what the *Saturday Review* would call *The Girl of the Period*; and this little book is a sharp and spirited fling at her vanities and her husband-hunting, her Grecian Bend and her Gallic affectations, her high heels and her rouge. The pages literally flow over with puns, some of them dreadfully bad, but, perhaps none the less amusing on that account. The whole is a good-humored satire, not without some sense and purpose in it. It is published by Messrs. Carleton.

—Dr. Alfred Nevin, an Old School Presbyterian editor and pastor, has written a *Popular Commentary on the Gospel according to Luke*, published by William Flint, Philadelphia. It is intended mainly for Sabbath-school and Bible-class use; is divided into "lessons" of from two to twenty verses each, and has a series of from a dozen to fifty questions appended to every lesson. The comments are generally sound, the discussion of knotty points meager, the illustrations from history and geography and science not too abundant or fresh, the moralizing and "practical" quite extended, the theology stoutly orthodox, and the questions mechanical. There are quite too many such questions beginning with "What is said ?" or some such phrase. Of the thirty-six questions in the one hundred and first lesson, to which we open at random, just one-third begin in this way; six take the form, "*Explain* 'full of sores'"; while four more questions can be answered by "yes" or "no." Such a set of questions certainly shows a barren invention.

—*Happy Thoughts* is the latest addition to the *Handy Volume Series*, now being published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. *Happy Thoughts* is by Mr. F. C. Burnand, one of the few really promising humorists now appearing in the field of London literature, and whose fresh and unexaggerated fun does something to brighten the heavy pages of *Punch*. *Happy Thoughts* originally appeared in *Punch*, and is well worth republishing. It is full of quaint comicality, with a good dash of simple, true human nature about it.

—Messrs. Fields & Osgood publish Dickens's *Uncommercial Traveler* and several of his recent Christmas stories—such as *Dr. Marigold* and *Mrs. Lirriper*—in one volume.

—We have received Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's useful little treatise on *The Modern System of Painting in Water Colors*, published by Hurd & Houghton; *St. Augustine, Florida*—an interesting account of the history, climate, and peculiarities of the place—by an English visitor (Putnam & Son), and *Spirit Mysteries Explained*, by Andrew Jackson Davis (Thomas White & Co., Boston).

—*Putnam's Magazine* for January would be remarkable, if for nothing else, because of the sad, sweet, tender notes of Bryant's poem *Among the Trees*. So touching and beautiful a poetic soliloquy has not been spoken amid naked boughs for many a dark December. The magazine has also a remarkable contribution in the shape of an account of the battle of Plattsburgh Bay, from a manuscript, hitherto unpublished, of the late J. Fenimore Cooper, by whom it was originally prepared to be delivered as a lecture. Professor Moses Coit Tyler's article, *Popular Lectures in England*, tells little that is not to the deep discredit of English education and English audiences. All that Professor Tyler says is only too true, and his article is very interesting. *Putnam's* contents this time are well arranged and attractive.

—The American edition of Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* has reached its thirteenth number. Hurd & Houghton are doing a real service in issuing it, as well as are the eminent scholars who edit it. In this number we notice critical and bibliographical additions of remarkable value from Prof. Geo. P. Fisher and Mr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, who probably has no superior in the world in his encyclopedic knowledge of theological and critical bibliography.

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AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF INDEPENDENT:

Dear Sir:—Intimately connected with the subject under discussion in the Fruit-growers' Club some two weeks ago, the saving out of fruit-trees, is one upon which I have long wished to hear an expression of opinion from the horticulturists of New York. In your note upon the discussion alluded to, you lay down "a few simple" but important theories; among which the truth is *protection from cold winds.*

A writer in the *Horticulturist*, Mr. Elliott, I think, more than once has urged the importance of close planting, and the use of evergreens to secure this protection. The advantage of evergreen screens on the windward borders of orchards I believe every one who has known their use will admit; but I fear few planters will introduce an occasional evergreen in place of a fruit-tree throughout the orchard, as he advises, until the pecuniary advantage of such a course is more fully established.

But as to planting at half the usual distances—10 by 10 feet for standard pears, and 10 by 15 feet for standard apples—in defiance of the catalogues of the nurserymen and the standard authorities generally, how many will advise it either as a general rule or as one to apply in special cases? That Mr. Elliott carries this theory of his into practice I have had ocular evidence; but his location at East Rockport, on the shore of Lake Erie, is one peculiarly exposed to strong winds. Yet, owing to the disappearance of our forests, how few sections there are in our country not similarly exposed.

I incline to favor this idea, for the injurious effect of winds on the trees of a full-grown, closely-planted orchard must be inconsiderable as compared with that on scattering trees; and this favorable condition may be reached in a few years by close planting. As the trees crowd each other, some may be removed from time to time, while the fruit such will already have borne will have paid for the extra expense and care many times over. A neighbor of mine, one of the most extensive planters of apples in this valley of Lake Champlain, pursued a similar plan with his orchards. His only motive, I think, was to obtain a greater yield of fruit while his trees were young. He has expressed himself pleased with the result. P.

RURAL ITEMS.

MR. A. R. SMITH, a resident of North Lawrence, Kansas, has, on a claim he possesses at the mouth of the Fall River, on the Osage lands, the largest tree in the State of Kansas. It is a magnificent oak, nine feet in diameter and about thirty feet in circumference, and runs up, straight as an arrow, forty feet without limbs. The United States surveyors took the dimensions of this tree, and they are now on record at Washington.

A CITIZEN of Woodstock, Vt., bought a farm last year for less than $1,800, and raised this year 2,000 bushels of potatoes—about 1,600 bushels of which were merchantable at 50 cts. per bushel. He also secured fifty tons of hay, and wintered seventy-eight sheep, which also turned out well. He sold $110 worth of wool, besides what he reserved for his own use; sold $100 worth of lambs, and kept fifteen for the flock.

SOME PUMPKINS.—Samuel A. Townsend, of Kent, Connecticut, raised on his farm the past season a mammoth pumpkin, which measured in circumference seven feet, and weighed one hundred and thirty-two and a half pounds. From the time it budded till it ripened and was picked, by actual calculation, it must have grown two and a half pounds per day, and one ounce and three-quarters per hour. It is estimated that it would require ten cans of milk to make it into pies.

RENOVATING WORN-OUT SOILS.—"What is the cheapest method of bringing up exhausted land?" In any climate where clover will flourish, this plant is undoubtedly the cheapest manure. If you can get a fair crop of clover to catch with, your success is assured. This can be done, in many cases, by sowing two bushels of plaster to the acre. If this does not succeed, bone-dust, Peruvian guano, or fish-scrap, in moderate quantities, certainly will. The clover may be turned when a little past full bloom, or be partially fed by cattle that remain on the field, and plowed in later. Two or three crops will prepare the way for grain.—*American Agriculturist.*

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Financial & Commercial.

THE VILLAIN'S LAST DODGE.

ANDREW JOHNSON has at length beaten himself, out-Heroding even Herod, and putting all common rascals to the blush. Among the "various plans" for the payment of the public debt, that of Mr. Johnson, as communicated in his recent message to Congress, for shameless effrontery and bare-faced, naked villainy, has no equal. Hear this financial Solon, all ye vulgar knaves, and learn how to cheat your creditors while singing the psalms of saintly hypocrisy. Mr. Johnson gravely says:

"*The six per cent. interest now paid by the Government should be applied to the reduction of the principal in semi-annual installments, which in sixteen years and eight months would liquidate the entire debt.*"

This will do, Mr. Johnson. We understand you. You propose to pay the *principal* of a debt by setting apart the annual interest for this purpose, and considering the debt paid when the aggregate of the accruing interest shall be equal to the principal. With this, you think, the creditors "should be satisfied." We do Mr. Johnson the justice to say that when he is *sober* he knows better. He knows that his proposition is the most infamous kind of rascality. He cannot be so great a fool as *not* to know that the *interest* on the bond held by the creditor is as much his due as the *principal*. The interest is the amount stipulated to be paid for the *use* of the principal. The borrower enjoys the *use*, and agrees to pay for it at a certain rate, and in the end to return the principal. This is the understanding of the matter among all honest men. And yet Mr. Johnson, speaking as the President of the United States, proposes to *steal* the principal from the creditor of the Government by regarding it as paid when the interest (which is as much the property of the creditor as the principal) shall be equal to it. This is the new and latest version of repudiation. It needed just such a man as Mr. Johnson to conceive the idea; and it would need just such a man to carry it into effect.

A gentleman entirely familiar with Mr. Johnson's antecedents in Tennessee not long since remarked that there was no mystery about his public conduct, adding that "*he was born dishonest.*" We begin to think this the truth; and we hence take the liberty of citing him as a genuine specimen of the doctrine of "original sin," suggesting that depravity in his case is strongly characterized by the want of native common sense. He belongs to Cotton Mather's category of the "Incurables." A weaker and a worse public man has seldom lived to disgrace the office he held. "*Laus Deo*" will be the general shout of the American people when Andrew Johnson officially dies. Why could not the man consent to die decently? Why must he fill up the measure of his iniquity, and disgust the American people, by adding this final infamy to all his preceding official depravities? Is Andrew Johnson a fool, or is he a knave, or is he both? We remit this question to the Albany jurors, who—judging from their verdict in the case of General Cole—would probably acquit the President on the grounds of a latent insanity, apt to develop itself in fits of "uncontrollable frenzy."

MONEY MARKET.

THERE has been a gradual tightening in the money market during the whole week, and rates of interest have advanced to 7 per cent.

The banks are sending considerable amounts South, and preparations are making for the January statement.

The price of gold has been steadily maintained in the vicinity of 135 to 135¼.

General Spinner says, and with entire justice, that, if the Supreme Court should decide adverse to the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, it will be equivalent to a resort to specie payment.

Government securities are firm, considering the general condition of financial affairs, and considerable of a speculative spirit has been shown.

The stock market has been in a very weak and shaky condition the whole of the past week.

The Northwest shares have fallen about 10 per cent. within a fortnight; the preferred sold down as low as 75½ on Monday. Cleveland and Pittsburgh tumbled down to 81½, under the influences of opinion that the Erie clique had borrowed proxies enough to control the election.

COMMERCIAL ITEMS.

SOME of our large importers of foreign dry goods have made serious losses lately on sales of staple articles at auction.

—A failure of considerable magnitude occurred in the dry goods trade last week, caused, it is stated, by extended credits and serious losses.

—The gold product of the world, it is estimated, will hereafter be not less than one thousand millions of dollars annually. Here is a fact for anti-inflationists to think of.

—The demand for real estate at high prices continues. Up-town lots haev doubled in value four or five times during the past five years, and seem now to be advancing more rapidly than ever.

—Wall Street is steadily attracting from other departments of business some of our ablest and wealthiest men. Hon. Demas Barnes and George Bliss, Esq., it is stated, are both about to embark in the banking business—the former organizing a new house, and the latter connecting himself with one already well established.

—The all-absorbing topic of conversation, last week, was the decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act. We give it as *our* opinion that a negative decision will force the Government into a resumption of specie payments. Such a result *must* follow such a decision. Don't be frightened about greenbacks.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON the 1st instant there was an interval of less than 400 miles remaining between the two main portions of the Pacific Railroad line. Of this gap the greater portion was graded, and it is believed that the whole line may be opened to the Pacific waters by June next. It appears that no less than 700 miles of the great national thoroughfare have been built within the current year, exclusive of the branch lines, which must have built 250 miles additional. Of this the eastern portion of the main stem line has contributed 400 miles between the crests of the Black Hills and the Uinta Mountains. On the divide between the waters of the Green River and the Salt Lake Valley, at an altitude of 7,500 feet above sea-level, the Eastern Company are probably brought to a halt by the recent storms, though it is said that they still have hopes of carrying their line out to the Great Basin during the Winter. The Central Pacific Company, who build and control the westerly portion, with a late start over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, have, by dint of energy and abundant supplies of cheap and serviceable Asiatic labor, swept east at the rate of 50 miles per month up the valley of the Humboldt; and at this date are threading their way from the headwaters of that river to the northern point of Salt Lake, where they may be expected to arrive with the track in March next. Persons familiar with that country say it will be possible to continue the work all Winter, as the snows are not very deep at that elevation (4,200 feet), and the grading is for the most part ready for the rails. In that case, then, it is probable that the company working from the Pacific coast may accomplish their four hundred miles also during the current year. We are assured that the Central Pacific Company have the necessary iron and equipment to complete the unfinished portion at hand, and that the enterprise is removed beyond the possibility of failure. The Central Company have received from the Government $18,000,000 of the currency six per cent. bonds, and have marketed nearly the same amount of their First Mortgage Bonds, through Messrs. Fisk & Hatch.

The following is a telegraphic report from the Special Commissioners who were recently appointed to examine the Central Pacific Railroad:

O. H. BROWNING, *Secretary of the Interior, Washington.*

The Central Pacific Railroad is well and substantially built to Wadsworth, on the Truckee River, 189 miles from Sacramento, except two bridges now nearly finished. Grades and curves are within the limits, and the locations are satisfactory. The rails weigh fifty-six to sixty-four pounds to the lineal yard. The ties are of sound timber, and are of full size, and are laid at the rate of twenty-four hundred to the mile. The track is firmly laid and ballasted; the culverts and bridge foundations are of heavy granite masonry. The bridges are of Howe's truss pattern, well framed and ironed. The tunnels are six-teen feet wide. About twenty miles on the summit of the Sierras are covered with snow-sheds. Passenger trains can run from 15 to 20 miles per hour safely and smoothly. The equipment of rolling-stock, engine-houses, and machine-shops is fully equal to the demands of the traffic. Seventy-nine locomotives are running on the road, and eighty more are on the way. On the new portion of the road along the Humbolt Valley the cross-ties, bridges, and rails are up to the standard. There are a few minor defects—not of vital importance—in culverts, drains, width of embankment, and ballast; but these can be remedied at small cost when the hurry of pushing forward the road is over. Heavy trains of rails, ties, and fuel are running safely to the extreme end of the road, 445 miles from Sacramento. The road is being constructed in good faith, in a substantial manner, without stint of labor, material, or equipment, and is worthy of its character as a great national work. The telegraph line is first-class.

(Signed,) SHERMAN DAY,
R. S. WILLIAMS, Major of Engineers, U. S. Army.
LLOYD TERIS, Spec. Com.

Sacramento, Dec. 3, 1868.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD AND ITS BONDS.

THE Union Pacific Railroad Company are now offering a limited amount of their first mortgaged bonds at par and accrued interest from July 1st, in currency. As the interest coupons are payable (6 per cent. in gold) in January and July, purchasers during the present month have the advantage of the premium upon the face of the coupon.

Nine hundred and sixty miles of the line west from Omaha are now in active operation, and the work will be continued through the winter. The intervening gap between the finished portion of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads is now less than 400 miles, and by the summer of 1869 the entire through line to the Pacific will be completed. The regular Government commissioners have pronounced the Union Pacific Railroad *first class in every respect*, and the special commissioners, appointed in September last by the President, close their detailed report of the condition of the work by saying:

"Taken as a whole, the Union Pacific Railroad has been well constructed. The general route for the line is exceedingly well selected, crossing the Rocky Mountain range at some of the most favorable passes on the continent. The energy and perseverance with which the work has been urged forward, and the rapidity with which it has been executed, are without parallel in history. In the grandeur and magnitude of the undertaking it has never been equaled. Deficiencies exist; but they are, almost without exception, those incident to all new roads, or of a character growing out of the peculiar difficulties encountered. The country has reason to congratulate itself that this great work of national importance is so rapidly approaching completion under such favorable auspices."

The equipment of the road comprises 137 locomotives and nearly 2,000 cars of all descriptions, and a large addition to this equipment will be delivered to the company early in the Spring. The company have expended not less than eight millions of dollars for construction purposes in advance of the completed road, the grading being furnished for 120 miles in advance of the track-laying, and iron for laying that distance being now on hand, and that necessary for ninety miles more *en route*.

A subsidy of United States bonds, to the average amount of about $20,000 per week, is received from the Government, $1,920,000 more having been received on this account on December 6th and 14th. The company are authorized to issue their own bonds to an equal amount, which are a FIRST MORTGAGE upon the entire line and equipments. The business of the road, so far as developed upon the portion already in operation, has been remarkably large, and gives ample security that all liabilities of the company will be promptly met. The earnings from the way or local business for the year ending June 30th, 1868, on an average of 472 miles, were over Four Million Dollars, which, after paying all expenses, is largely in excess of all the interest liabilities on that distance; and the earnings for the last five months have been $2,386,870. They would have been greater, if the road had not been taxed to its utmost capacity to transport such materials for construction. The income from the great passenger travel, to China freights, and the supplies for the new Rocky Mountain States and Territories must be ample for all interest and other liabilities. No political action can reduce the rate of interest. It must remain for thirty years—*six per cent. per annum in gold*, now equal to between eight and nine per cent. in currency. *The principal is then payable in gold.* If a bond with such guarantees were issued by the Government, its market price would not be less than from 20 to 25 per cent. premium. As these bonds are issued under Government authority and supervision, upon what is very largely a Government work, they must ultimately approach Government prices. No other corporate bonds are made so secure.

The price for the present is PAR, and accrued interest at 6 per cent. from July 1st, 1868, in currency. The bonds may be obtained in New York, at the company's office, No. 20 Nassau street; or of John J. Cisco & Son, 59 Wall street; or of the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States; any of whom will also furnish, free of charge, a new pamphlet, issued October 1st, containing full information respecting the progress of the road and the character of the company's securities.

DRY GOODS.

THERE are abundant reasons why business of all kinds should be dull in December. Stock is taken, new partnerships are formed, future operations are planned, and books are balanced. There would be nothing unusual, therefore, in the dullness of the present season, but for the circumstance of the light sales of October and November having induced the general belief that there would be a compensating activity in December. That the activity which was hoped for, rather than really expected, by many sagacious merchants, has not manifested itself, except to very moderate extent in a few exceptional instances, is unfortunately true. Trade is dull, even for the season. But there is no depression nor panic, and prices of staple domestics are well maintained as a general thing.

The business of the week in unbleached shirtings and sheetings has been more activity than during the previous week, occasioned mostly by a movement among the large shirt-makers to lay in their Spring supply while prices are low.

In the whole miscellaneous list of domestic cotton fabrics there is no change to specify, sales are slow and prices barely steady.

In prints there is a tolerably active demand for the new and attractive patterns; but there will not be any increase of business until the Spring styles are put upon the market.

Muslin de laines are in fair demand, principally for dark colors.

Woolen fabrics of all descriptions are dull, and it is only by making very low prices that any considerable sales can be effected. The importer finds it impossible to compete successfully with the home producer under the present tariff.

The transactions in foreign goods are very limited; the auction-sales are small, and the importations are confined almost entirely to laces, silks, gloves, and similar goods, adapted to the season.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

(A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.)

BREADSTUFFS.—Our market for Western and State Flour the past week has been more active. The falling off in receipts, favorable news from Europe, and an active shipping demand induced more firmness, and prices show an advance, the improvement being the most marked in the low and medium brands. Corn Meal has been in more general demand, but under a liberal supply on hand and the low price of Rag Meal prices have declined and closed heavy. Buckwheat Flour has been in more active demand, prices have advanced and closed firm. The demand for Wheat has been quite active the past week, and the market for Spring ruled firm. Winter Wheat has sold more freely, and holders have been very firm in their views. Barley Malt has ruled dull, and with an increase in the stock prices have declined. Rye has also been dull. Prices have fluctuated, closing firm. Oats have been active, chiefly speculative. Prices have advanced and have fluctuated. At the close the market is lower and heavier. Corn has been in moderate demand. Old has ruled quite firm, but New has fluctuated daily. Much of the New Western arriving is damp and unsound, and difficult of sale. At the close the market is lower though fairly active.

COFFEE.—A fair invoice business has taken place in Brazil Coffee, the demand coming entirely from the jobbing trade. Prices on the common and medium grades have been reduced, but the prime qualities continue scarce and firm.

COTTON.—There has been considerable irregularity in this market since our last, but on the whole sellers rather had the advantage, and prices have gradually worked upward.

DRUGS AND DYES.—The leading articles coming under this heading have met with only a moderate jobbing demand.

FISH.—The arrival of Dry Cod the past week have been only moderate, and with a steady fair demand prices have advanced and closed firm.

HIDES.—Dry Hides have been in very good demand the past week. The market generally has ruled fair and closes with an upward tendency.

LEATHER—There has been no particular change in the market for Hemlock Sole the past week. The demand for all descriptions has been fair. Good damaged of light weight is scarce and salable. Heavy Leather is more plenty, and sells slowly. The receipts from the tanneries for the week foot up 51,000 sides.

METALS.—Pig Lead has been only in moderate demand, and prices show but little if any change.

MOLASSES.—Buyers have apparently entirely withdrawn, and it is next to impossible to infuse any life into the market for foreign grades. Prices are reduced, but entirely nominal.

OILS.—The market for Crude Fish Oils has been very dull and prices have declined, closing with a heavy feeling. American Linseed has been in more active demand. Prices have advanced and close firm. English Linseed remains dull, and prices are nominal. Lard Oil has declined, but at the concession there has been more doing, closing quiet.

PETROLEUM.—Refined in bond has been comparatively quiet, yet a fair amount of business has been done. Prices have advanced, and the market closes firm.

PROVISIONS.—Early in the week the market took a sharp upward turn, from which there has since been some reaction. Beef has continued in fair request; and the general tone of the market is steady, though a great many poor lots still sell low. Cut Meats have met with rather more inquiry, and are steady at 10@11 cts. for Dry Salt and Pickled Shoulders, and 14@14¾ cts. for Pickled Hams. Bacon continues in demand both on the spot and for future delivery, and the general tone is very steady for all desirable meats.

SUGARS.—Finding a much better outlet for their manufacture, refiners have come into the market, and operated with considerable freedom during the past week. This, in connection with the continued troubles in Cuba, has greatly strengthened some, and in many cases importers have entirely withdrawn samples, notwithstanding an advance of ¾ ct. per lb. already established.

WOOL.—Domestic Fleece the past week has been a little more active, and there has been a better feeling generally, still prices show no quotable change. Foreign Wool has met with a better demand, and the market ruled firm.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DEC. 15, 1868.
(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.)

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	15 @15	15¾@15¾
Extra	15½@16¼	15 @15½
First quality	14 @15	14¼@15
Second quality	13 @15	12½@14
Third quality	11 @13	11 @12½
Interior	10 @11	9 @10
Average of all sales about	—	— @14

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

Cows and Calves.	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$100@120	$100@120
Good	85@100	85@100
Inferior and Common	50@ 80	50@ 85

Veal Calves.	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	12 @12½	13 @13½
Good	11 @12	12 @12½
Common	10½@11	10½@11
Inferior	9 @10	9 @10

Sheep and Lambs.	This week.	Last week.
Extra per lb.	7½@ 7¾	6½@ 6¾
Choice "	6¾@ 7	5¾@ 6
Good "	6¼@ 6¾	5 @5¾
Fair "	5½@ 6¼	4½@4¾
Common "	5 @5½	4 @4½
Extra Lambs "	— @—	6½@ 7
Good "	— @—	6¼@6¾
Common to fair "	— @—	5 @6¼

Swine.	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lbs.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	8¾@ 9	10¾@11
Corn-fed, common to fair	8½@ 8¾	10¾@10¾

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 7, 1868.

The following are the wholesale cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more reliable than any newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W.	15¾	Amoskeag	12
Merrimack, D	13½	Lowell	11
Cocheco	13½	Pacific	11
Sprague	13½	Victory	10½
Pacific	13½	Wamsutta	11½
American	12½	Arnold	11
Gloucester	12½	Hamilton	11
Allens	12½	Richmond	11
Manchester	12½	Gloucester	12½
Freemason	12½	Mourning	12½
Briggs	10½	Lancaster	12
Nassau	10¾	Oriental	12

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	16	Hartford	12½
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	11½
Caledonia	13	Amoskeag	13

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14¾	Pocasset,	14¼
Lawrence, F	13½	" E	13¼
" E	12½	Pepperell, E	14½
" M	11½	" B	13½
" H	10½	" I	11
Pacific, Extra	14½	" H	12½
" H	13½	" G	11½
" G	12½	" F	10½
Atlantic, A	15	" E	10
" P	14	Boot, G	13
" H	13	" H	11½
" N	10¾	Appleton, A	14½
Superior, XXI	14¾	Laconia H	14
Shawmut	14½	" D	12½
Agawam, E	14	" C	11½
Stark, A	15	Lyman, F	14
Massachusetts	14	" E	13½
" BB	13½	" C	11½
" H	12	Utica	14
Indian Head	14	Indian Orchard, A	16
Exeter, A	14	" B	15
" H	13	" C	13½
Medford	14	" W	13½
Augusta	14	Great Falls, H	13½
" A	13½	" E	12½
Gilboa	14	" C	11½
Pittsfield, A	14	" M	11
Kennebec	13½	" S	11½
Everett, AA	14	Cabot, A	14
Shannon	14	" H	13
Bedford, R	13½	Dwight, A	14½
Conesto Co., E	13½	" H	13½

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills, A	25	Dwight	18
Wamsutta	23½	Ballou & Son	14½
"	22	"	13
Tuscarora	20	Lonsdale	14½
Williamsville	20	Cambric	12½
Bates	18	Hill	14½
White Rock	17½	"	13½
Forestdale	14½	Bartlett	15½
Indian River, XX	15½	" 31-inch	13½
" X	13½	" 31-inch	12½
Attawaugan, X	13½	James Sh'm Mills, A	15½
" XX	15½	" 31-inch	13½
Masonville	17	" 31-inch	12½
Blackstone	16	Great Falls, J	14½
Hope	14	" K	13½
Pepperell	18	" L	12½
" 45-inch	16	" 31-inch	11½
" 31-inch	11	Red Bank	14½
Waurezan	12	Waltham	13½
Pepperell	26	" 45-inch	15½
"	24	"	13½
"	22	"	9¾
"	20	"	8½
Utica	7½	Franklin M'f'g Co	14½
"	6¾	Bay Mills	14
"	6¼	Putnam	13
Bost. R	10½	" B	11½
" B	14½	Green, G	13½
" C	13	Amoskeag, A	14½
Androscoggin	14½	" B	13½
Canoe	14½	Whittenton, A	14½

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	29	Otis Company, CC	23
York	29	" BB	25
Blue Hill	18	" AA	27
Northfield	15	Warren Brown	17
Oakland	20	Lewiston, Brown	25
Woodland & Stanton	20	Columbian	20
Union	17		

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	23	Whittenton, A	20
York	20½	" B	18
Uncasville	15½	" C	15
American	14	Eagle	15
Hamilton	22½	Thorndike	30
Everett	13		

TICKS.

York, 36-inch	28½	Thorndike	17
York, 32-inch	23½	Methuen, A	25
Amoskeag, A, C, &	20	Hamilton, Regular	25
" D	18	Whelan Brook	20
" E	16	Everett	22
" D	15	" Extra	20
" F	13	Hampden, CO	20
Conestoco	24	Pearl River	16
Extra	20	Pittsfield	10½
Swift River	17		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pepperell	18
Laconia	14½	Bates	17
Naumkeag Satteen	16	Indian Orchard	12½
New Market	12½	Everett	14

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	17	Appleton	17
Pepperell	17	Tremont	16
Laconia	16	Augusta	16
Stark, A	17	Winslow	14½

DELAINES.

Pacific	30	Lowell	19
Hamilton	18—21	Sprague	18
Manchester	18—21	Armuchee	21—23½

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	30	Ellerton T	17½
Laconia	19	" P	22
Pemberton	23	Amoskeag	24
" A	25	Nashua	16

To Capitalists and Investors.

THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND, and ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY pay the Principal and SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST First February and First August, in GOLD COIN, *Free of Government Tax.* A limited amount only of these Bonds will be sold at 97½ and accrued interest in Currency, by Bankers and Brokers, Agents of the Company in different parts of the Country and at the office of the Company, 12 Wall Street, N. Y.

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FIRST MORTGAGE THIRTY-YEAR GOLD OBLIGATIONS OF THE
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,
SECURED BY AN ABSOLUTE FIRST LIEN UPON THE MOST DESIRABLE PORTION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL PACIFIC RAILROAD LINE.

This great enterprise is approaching completion with a rapidity that astonishes the world. Less than 400 miles remain to be built to connect the Central Pacific Railroad with the Atlantic Lines. The greater part of the interval is now graded, and it is reasonably expected that the THROUGH CONNECTION BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND NEW YORK WILL BE COMPLETED BY JULY NEXT.

The Western portion of the Line—known as the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—besides having the largest settlement, the richest mines, and most valuable lands along its route, is also built and completed as a first-class Railroad, in all respects, being constructed directly by the Company themselves, without the intervention of contractors, and in such a manner as to insure future stability, economy of operation, and the permanent value of the property.

The Report of the Special Commission of Experts, recently appointed by the President to examine the railroad and telegraph lines of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, telegraphed to the Secretary of the Interior, December 3d, is full and specific, and concludes as follows:

"Heavy trains of rails, ties, and fuel are running safely to the extreme end of the road, four hundred and forty-five miles (445 miles) from Sacramento. The road is being constructed in good faith, in a substantial manner, without stint of labor, materials, or equipment, and is worthy of its character as a great national work."

By the aid of the General Government, and valuable grants from California sources, the Company have already met the bulk of their expenditures, and have sufficient Cash Resources to enable them to finish their work with the utmost vigor. The iron, and a liberal equipment for the five hundred miles now about completed, as well as the material needful for two hundred and fifty miles additional, are all bought, PAID FOR, and at hand for use. The speedy completion of their entire line, and its success as a grand business enterprise, are no longer matters of hopeful promise, but are placed beyond all ordinary contingences.

The business of the Road, although in its infancy only, is without precedent. THE GROSS EARNINGS FROM JULY 1 TO DECEMBER 1 WERE UPWARD OF $1,400,000 IN GOLD, OF WHICH ABOUT ONE MILLION was NET PROFIT. This result was from local commercial business only, at a time when the Company felt compelled to employ their available equipment, to a large extent, in transporting the vast amounts of supplies required to subsist 12,000 men, along a line of more than five hundred miles, and the material required for extending the track THREE HUNDRED MILES during the period, to the temporary neglect of